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COVER: "It is one thing to talk about a quality of life,
but quite another to live it. I chose a way of life
called 'Eskimo' and have rediscovered values which for me
have not only enhanced the quality of my life,
but provided a perspective I would share with others."

—Sam Wright, the Brooks Range, Alaska, 1970.

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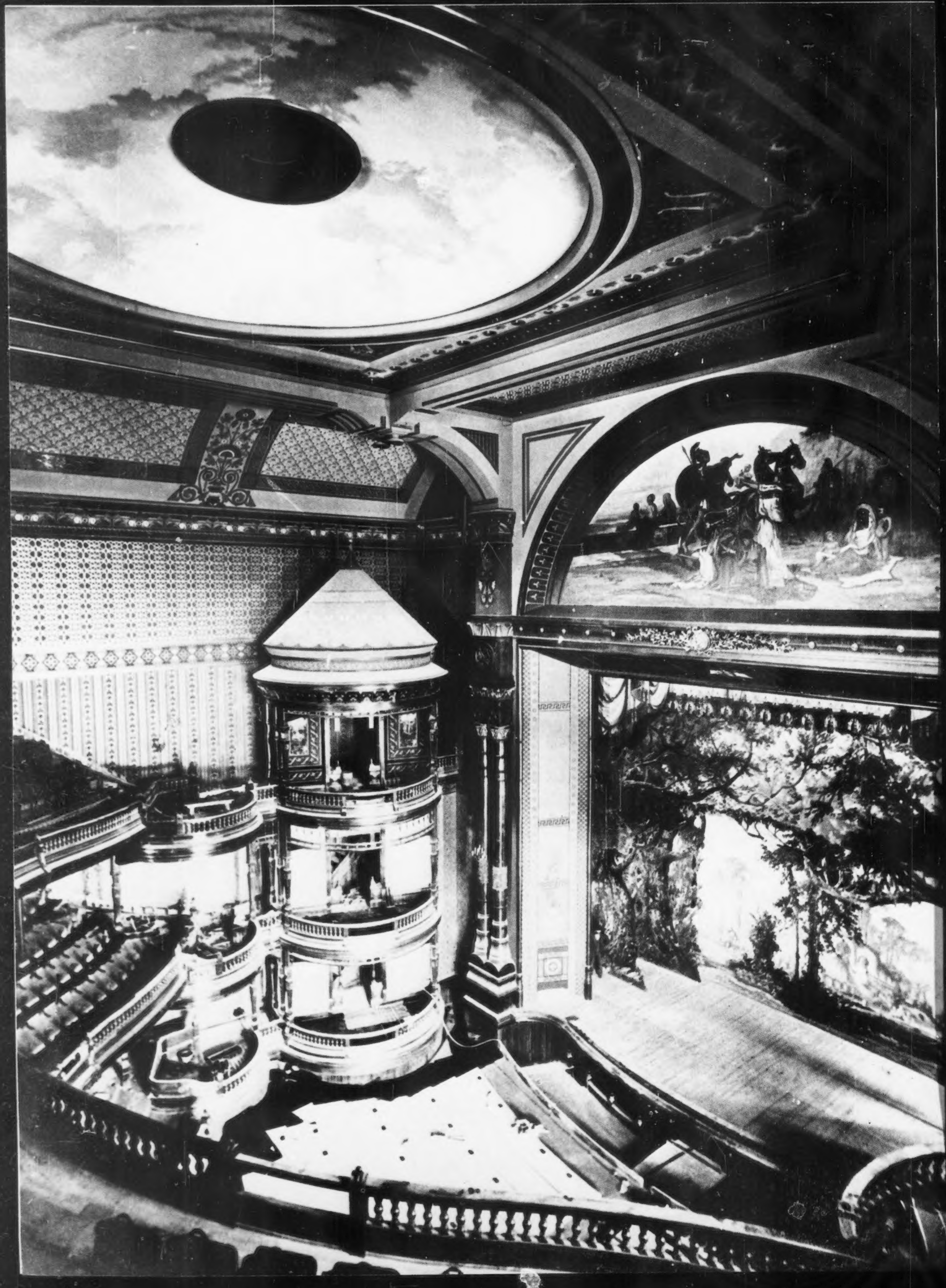

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AMERICAN WEST

THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

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Interior of the Tabor Opera House, Denver, circa 1885.

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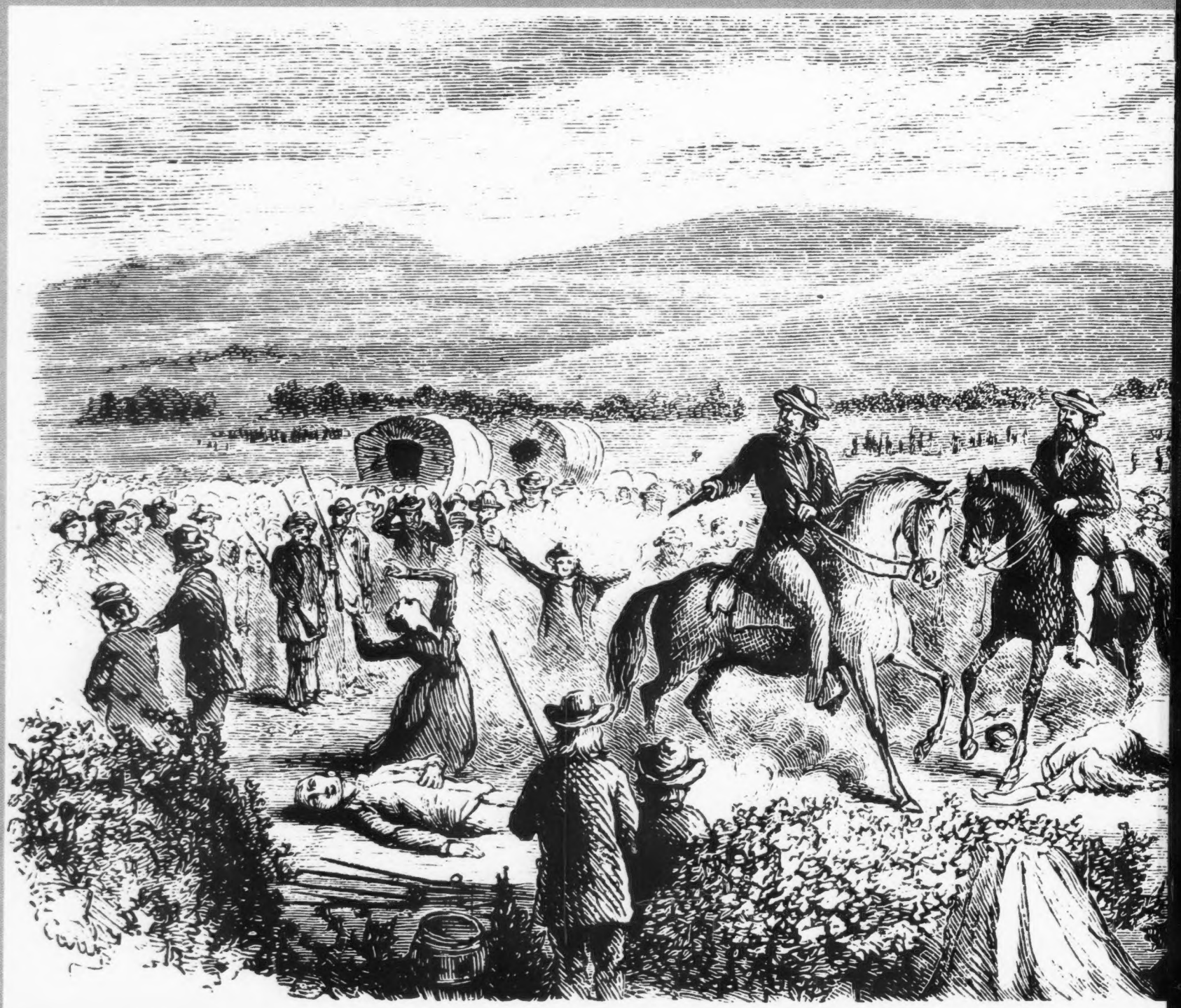
THE MORRISITE WAR

Insurrection by a Self-styled Prophet



One artist's version of the slaying of the rebellious prophet, Joseph Morris, by Deputy Marshal Robert T. Burton.

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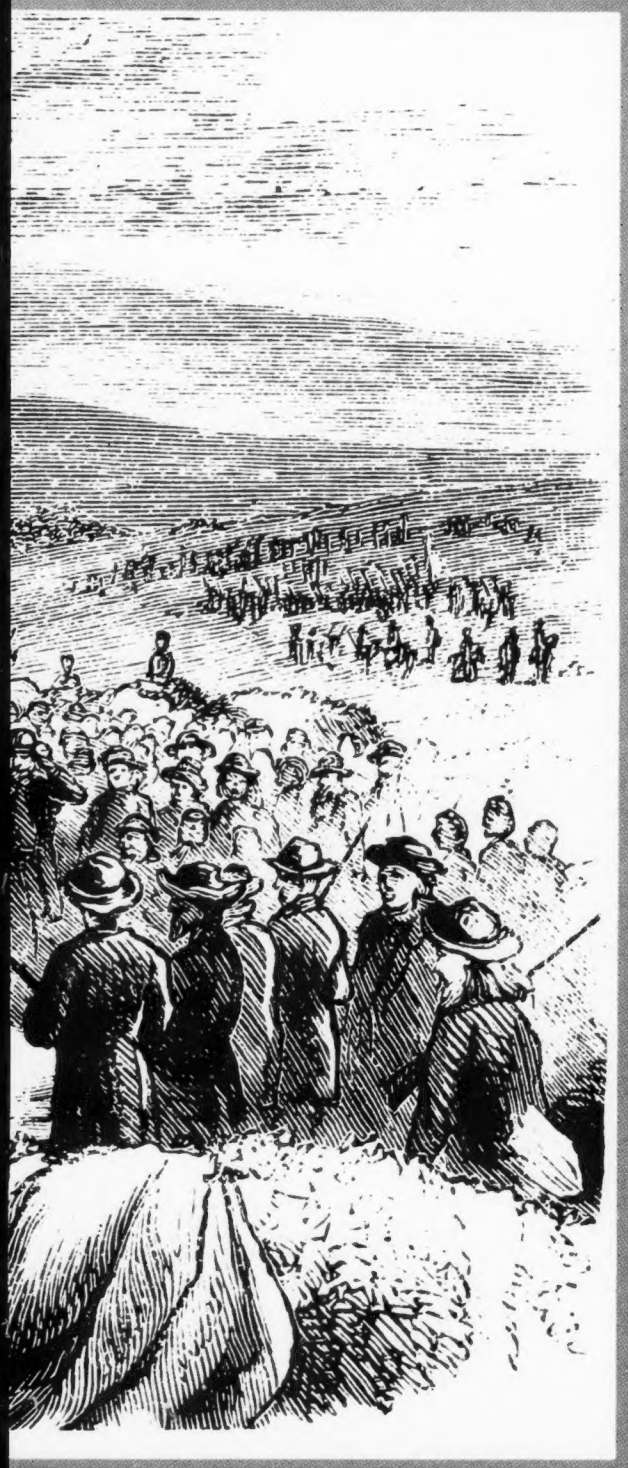
By M. Hamlin Cannon



In 1857 PRESIDENT BUCHANAN sent an armed expedition into Utah against the Mormons, reportedly in rebellion. No blood was shed, but the bitterness engendered by this act colored the attitudes and actions of Brigham Young's followers for many decades. Of course, this was but another of the many persecutions that the Mormons had suffered over the years, all of which made these religious people more defensive and determined, and also gave rise to internal dissension and schisms among them.

Against this backdrop of distrust and doubting among the Mormons, the tragic drama of the Morrisites unfolded, and their prophet achieved his questionable fame.

Born in England, Joseph Morris, a convert to Mormonism, settled in Utah in 1853 with his wife and child. Because of Morris's advanced doctrine, his bishop persuaded his wife to leave him, taking all their property. By the time he was thirty-three, in 1857, Morris had already experienced the first of many visions. His reports of his conversations with Christ were to bring him disciples and enemies, a hopeful new religion and incredible suffering.

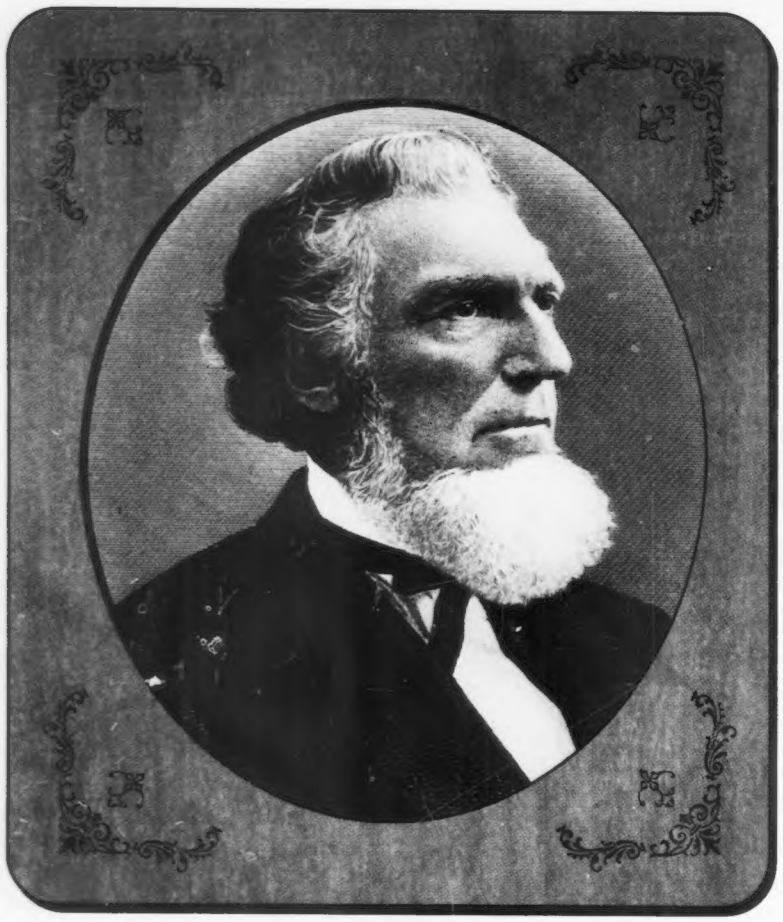
Morris's actions became increasingly strange, his doctrines more extreme, his manner more prophetic. Destitute, Morris relied on his friends and future disciples to give him room and board, and on his visions to afford him direction and faith. He spent his time praying, delivering sermons, and bombarding the church with letters expounding the will of God.

Between 1860 and 1862, Morris collected more followers and reported three hundred revelations from Christ. However, the Brighamites, doubting his claims all along, were even more skeptical when they discovered he was living in illegal relations with the wife of a man who was demented.

Alarmed by Morris's charisma, the church sent apostles to investigate his behavior. Upon hearing Morris unabashedly proclaim himself a prophet of God, they promptly excommunicated him and his seventeen believers.

In 1861 Joseph Morris formally established his new faith. Twelve apostles were ordained; Morris became president, and two disciples, Richard Cook and John Banks, were appointed first and second counselors. The entire priesthood swore oaths of loyalty to Morris. The group selected a site for their settlement north of Salt Lake City, calling it Kington Fort.

The news that a new prophet had arisen at Kington Fort spread throughout the territory. Indeed, before the first year was over, 425 believers had been baptized, most of whom had been Mormon converts from the British Isles, Scandinavia, Germany, and Switzerland. Listening to their prophet's revelations, the Morrisites believed without question that the second advent of Christ was at hand; thus they did not sow, nor did they reap. Their entire existence was geared toward readying themselves for His coming.



General Daniel H. Wells, commander of the territorial militia which furnished troops for the posse.

MORRIS'S STREAMS of revelations continued unabated. Most dealt with the overthrow of Brigham Young and the expected arrival of the "army of heaven," which would dispose of the cult's enemies in preparation for the coming of Christ. The group at Kington Fort became increasingly militant and defensive, and organized itself into a well-disciplined camp.

As early as October, 1860, Morris had claimed that Christ and the hosts of heaven would lead the Morrisites into battle. Christ's plan according to Morris was to cast off first Brigham Young and the other members of the Mormon leadership, and then all others in positions of authority who would not accept Joseph Morris as a prophet. Salt Lake City was to be the gathering place for the elect. The hosts of heaven would then do battle; and after the purging of Salt Lake City, Christ would go from settlement to settlement in the territory separating the sheep from the goats—the latter belonged to Satan. Next the Savior would purge the United States and leave nothing alive but the pure in heart, whom He would lead to the Promised Land. His servant, Joseph Morris, would be given power to rule all the nations of the earth. Finally, Morris said, Christ would go forth from nation to nation, cutting off everything that opposed Him until He had utterly wasted away the heathen nations.

After the "war," Morrisite women and children sought refuge in nearby military camps.

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But when the second coming did not occur, discontent gradually spread through the group. Despite reassertions that Christ was indeed on His way, some of the converts became seriously disillusioned and left camp. Initially Morris decreed that dissenters should pay all debts before departing. Later this was changed to allow them to take away only their clothing, leaving the rest for the common needs of the community. Finally, by divine command, no one was allowed to leave at all. When dissension arose, some of the disaffected appealed to the local courts for redress. The sheriff of Weber County sprang to their defense and visited the fort to serve an attachment; the Morrisites beat his horse and forced him out.

The warlike utterances of Joseph Morris soon alarmed some of the residents of the smaller communities near the fort. They feared an attack from the Morrisites, who were reputedly arrogant in their religious belief, despotic in their methods, and who were a law unto themselves.

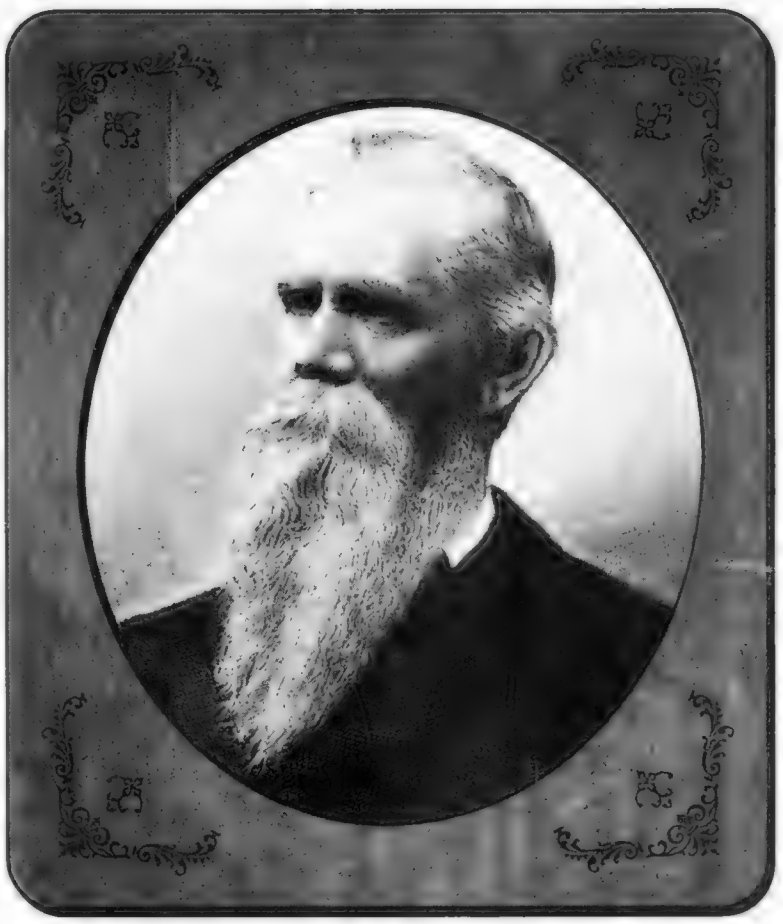
The material suffering of the Morrisites—pitiful by this time—was due in part to their own misguided zeal. Some had gone so far as to trample down their crops of wheat and corn—which the enterprising had planted—in order to show an unbelieving world their certainty that the second advent of Christ would occur before their grain had time to ripen. This certainty, however, did not last long, and their plight was worsening. They asked Morris when Christ would deliver them, and Christ answered through Morris:

> I know that it is impossible for them to endure their present circumstances much longer. My people are almost destitute of everything; but let them help each other and ease each other's burdens as much as they possibly can. . . .

Christ would reward them for their devotion when He arrived.

THE PARTICULAR INCIDENT that brought about the Morrisite War was the imprisonment in chains of three former members of the sect. In April, 1862, William Jones, a disillusioned member, attempted to leave the settlement, taking his possessions with him. When the leaders refused to allow this, Jones strategically arranged for his oxen and wagon to be taken by a neighbor who would meet him in a nearby canyon, where Jones would then reclaim his rightful property. Soon a group of about fifteen armed men appeared in hot pursuit of Jones, forcing him to abandon his wagon and flee. He went into hiding with two other dissidents, Gurtsen and Jensen.

Not long afterward, the three were surprised by a band of thirty Morrisites led by Peter Klemgaard, and taken back to the fort, where the three were imprisoned and Jones bound in log chains. The wives of the three implored Brigham Young to intervene, but he was too shrewd to meddle directly in the affair. It was clear to him that Morris and his people would not last long.



Robert T. Burton, the deputy marshal who accepted the surrender of the Morrisites after their prophet had fallen.

J. L. Stoddard, deputy territorial marshal, brought a writ of *habeas corpus* to the camp, and directed Joseph Morris, Richard Cook, Peter Klemgaard, and John Banks to release the prisoners; the Morrisites demonstrated their answer by burning up the writ. Baffled, Stoddard and his men returned to Salt Lake City and reported that the Morrisites had at least a hundred armed men. Indeed, Morris was determined that under no circumstances would he allow any of his followers to be taken forcibly from the camp. He received a revelation on the subject:

> . . . if . . . they will not go away but shall continue to press on and seek to lay hold of those persons for whom they come, my people shall hinder them even if in order to do so they shall have to commit violence upon them. Yes, they shall prevent them from taking any of my servants, even though they should be compelled to slay them.

Another writ was issued, and served by Robert T. Burton, deputy marshal, who requested a posse from General Daniel H. Wells, the commander of the territorial militia. Before their departure, the posse officers conferred with Brigham Young, who said that if there was to be a fight, they should make every effort to save the women and children, and if possible avoid any bloodshed. By the time they took positions overlooking the fort, about four hundred men had joined the posse.

In the early dawn of June 13, 1862, a man carrying a white flag entered the Morrisite camp, but received no response and returned to the posse. A note was then sent to the Morrisite leaders asking them to surrender peaceably and quietly within thirty minutes. If they failed to reply, the posse would have no alternative but to use force.

In the fort, Joseph Morris assembled his followers and read them the message. Instead of answering the note, the Morrisites assembled for prayer services conducted by Richard Cook, while Morris retired to his house to receive instructions from the Lord. He soon emerged with a written revelation promising that no Morrisite would suffer injury in the conflict, which even he had to admit was imminent.

After the crucial half hour passed, Burton's artillery fired a warning shot over the encampment. The ball passed harmlessly over the fort. A second shot landed in the prayer room, killing two women. This obviously broke up the meeting, and the men with weapons opened scattered fire against the posse.

Burton, now fully aware that the Morrisites had no intention of surrendering their prisoners without a fight, gave orders for the disposition of his troops. A hundred men under Major Egan were sent around to the east side of the fort and another hundred under Major Cunningham to the west side. Burton instructed the two commanders to keep the north side under observation; he thought the swollen Weber River would be a sufficient barrier. Some of the Morrisites tried to escape, but were captured and brought to the posse unharmed. Other frightened victims sought refuge within the lines of the lawmen and reported that the people still inside the fort had no intention of surrendering; they still believed they would be saved in some miraculous way.

The Morrisites in the fort who were without weapons cowered in their homes, praying for rescue by divine powers and hoping the gunfire would pass over them. It didn't and several people, including a thirteen-year-old girl, were wounded, and an infant killed. The shooting from both sides lasted throughout the day, and on June 14 Burton received a message from the acting governor of the territory to continue the struggle until the Morrisite leaders had surrendered.

News of the siege spread to the neighboring settlements, and people came and lined the hills along the north bank of the Weber to observe this strange war happening right on their doorsteps. Inside, the beleaguered Morrisites continued to fight throughout the next day, their food supply extremely low, their homes smoldering, and many wounded.

John Parsons and other Morrisite leaders advised their prophet that further resistance was useless, but that they were willing to sacrifice their lives for the sake of the others. Morris took refuge in prayer and soon announced another revelation from Christ:

> My faithful people have nearly spent their physical strength and used up their ammunition, and when they have done so, and are not able to defend themselves against their enemies any longer, they will have done their own part and will be pronounced faithful before me, having done their duty. Until my people have come to this point, I cannot lawfully come to their release. A people must spend their own strength and means before they have a lawful claim on me for assistance.

Next the posse rigged up a moveable barricade from a wagon and rolled it toward the camp, firing as they went. This action ended all resistance, and a man with a white flag was sent out from the camp to ask Colonel Burton's terms. Burton demanded that all men bearing arms must surrender unconditionally and stack their weapons in the center of the fort.

The posse entered the fort, confronted Morris, and asked if he was willing to surrender, whereupon Morris turned to his people and said, "I have taught you righteous principles from heaven; all those who are willing to follow me to the death come this way."

The official church version of the melee which followed is given by Roberts in his *Comprehensive History of the Church:*

> There were cries of "I," "I," and some "to arms," "to arms," and a rush was made for the arms. Burton called upon the maddened crowd to "halt" this, several times; the command not being obeyed he shouted, "Stop them, boys!" addressing his men, whereupon firing began, Burton himself firing at Morris. Morris was instantly killed; Banks fell wounded; two women were killed by the firing to stop the rush to arms, a Mrs. Bowman and a Mrs. Swanee. This stopped the rush, and Burton ordered firing to cease.

An anti-Mormon account is given in an 1863 affidavit by a former Morrisite, Alexander Dow, who related that Burton cold-bloodedly killed both Morris and Banks, as well as the two women:

> . . . Morris said, "Brethren, I have taught you true principles,"—he had scarcely got the words out of his mouth before Burton fired his revolver. The ball passed in his neck or shoulder. Burton exclaimed, "There's your prophet." He fired again, saying "What do you think of your prophet now?" . . . Burton could easily have taken Morris and Banks prisoners, if he had tried.

In any event, the abortive counterattack lasted only a few minutes, and the rest of the Morrisites surrendered peacefully —their prophet dead, faith shattered, and homes in ruins.

J. F. Gibbs states in *Lights and Shadows of Mormonism* (Salt Lake City, 1909), that on June 17, ninety-three men "were marched into Salt Lake City . . . about the most forlorn, mud-bespattered procession that ever tramped the earth—the wretched victims of maximum faith and minimum brains."

The captured Morrisites appeared at a preliminary hearing before John F. Kinney, chief justice of Utah Territory, the next day. For most of the unfortunates bail was set at $1,500, pending appearance in the third district court. Richard Cook was fined $50 and thirty days' imprisonment for not answering the writ of *habeas corpus.*

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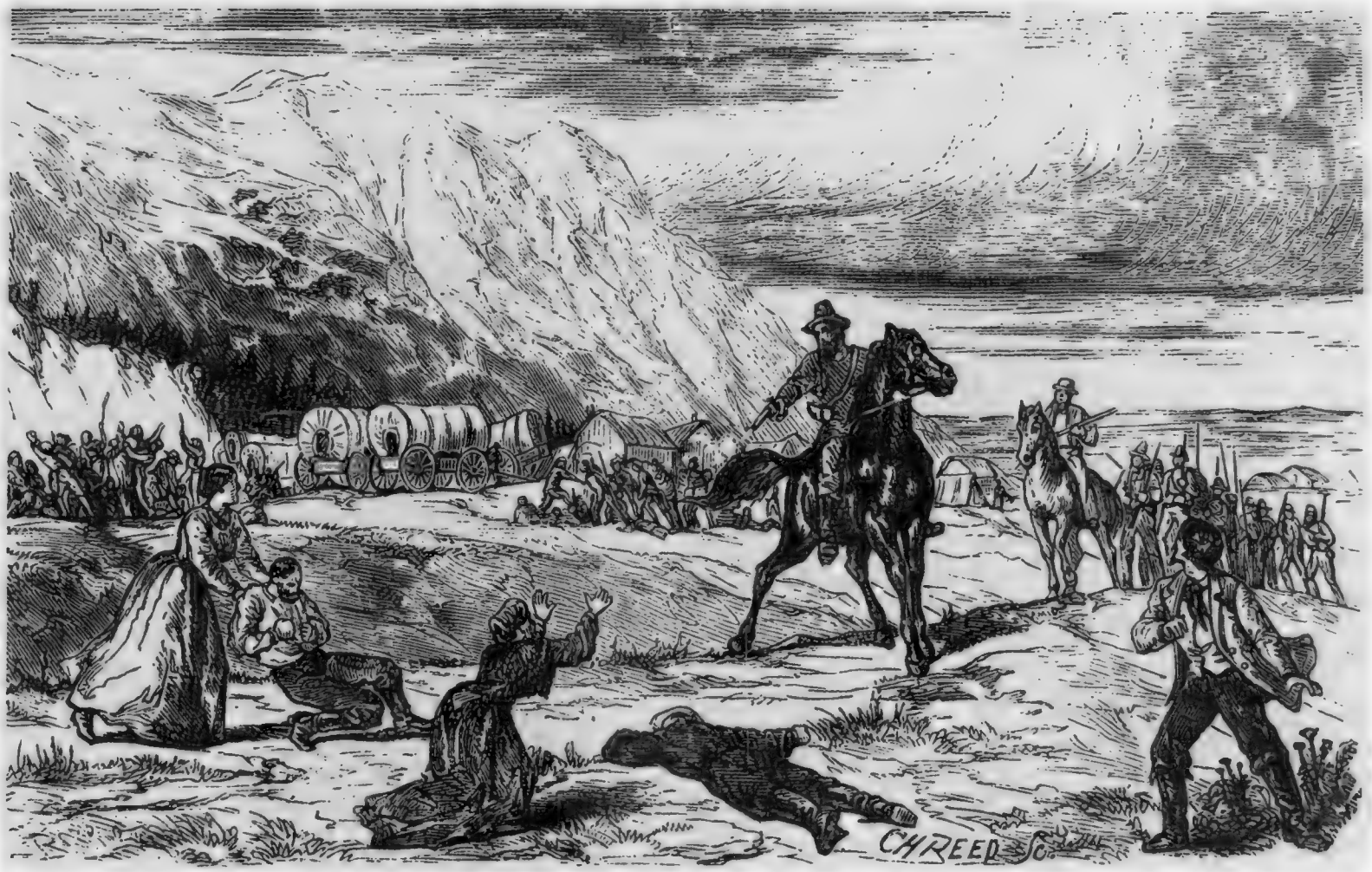

Another contemporary artist's view of the massacre, showing a heroic Burton and his victims—Morris, the wounded Banks, Mrs. Bowman, and Mrs. Swanee.

THE TRIAL of the Morrisites took place in an atmosphere charged with distrust and smoldering hostility between the Mormons and the Gentiles in Utah Territory. Efforts to enforce a federal anti-polygamy statute and to reform the courts and militia, and recent petitions for the recall of Governor Harding (who had been making undercover attempts to undermine the power of the church authorities) all had their influence on the judge, the jury, and the governor during the Morrisite trial and its aftermath.

A grand jury indicted ten of the Morrisites for murder and some ninety others for resisting the due process of law. Sixty of the accused were tried by jury before Chief Justice Kinney, the others having decamped from the territory. The judge sentenced the seven men found guilty of second degree murder to terms ranging from ten to fifteen years imprisonment at hard labor. Those found guilty of resisting the posse were fined $100 each.

The decision of the court pleased the Mormons, but most of the non-Mormons of the area were furious. Petitions were promptly circulated asking Governor Harding to pardon the convicted men. While the requests were circulating, Harding afterwards said, several Mormons came to his quarters after dark and expressed hope that mercy would be shown to "the poor creatures." He added that scores of the mothers and wives of the convicted came to him and pleaded for their sons and husbands.

Three days after the ruling, Governor Harding granted all of them full pardon. It is difficult to believe that the governor was not motivated at least in part by a desire to strike back at those who were demanding his resignation.

As one would expect, this action of clemency brought on heated repercussions in Utah Territory. In order to avert a collision between the Mormons and Gentiles, President Lincoln intervened, relieving both Harding and Chief Justice Kinney of their responsibilities. Harding was made chief justice of Colorado Territory, and at the next election, the Mormons selected Kinney as their delegate to Congress.

By this time the Morrisites were desperate, and dependent upon the charity and good will of others. Brigham Young requested the bishops to provide jobs and feed those who were disposed to work. However, most of them sought protection from Colonel Patrick E. Connor, commander of the troops at nearby Camp Douglas.

Continued on page 62

An evening's program at the Tabor Opera House, Denver, 1894, featuring Jack Langrishe, one of the noted entertainers of the mining frontier.

SOPRANOS AND SIX-GUNS

The Frontier Opera House as a Cultural Symbol

By RONALD L. DAVIS

THE CRIME AND VIOLENCE, the gambling and prostitution, the drunkenness and personal debauchery of the early stages of the moving frontier have been chronicled by countless historians and writers of fiction, who, viewing frontier life mostly in scarlet hues, have tended to write of it in exaggerated prose. That most western communities—particularly where boom conditions existed—went through a period of rowdiness and temporary retreat from Victorian morality is evident. But as these communities grew in population and wealth, a civic conscience began to develop, coupled with the emergence of a cultural inferiority complex. Partly to compensate for the rustic environment enveloping them, partly in reaction to the violations of convention perpetrated during the earlier period, frontiersmen began yearning for the trappings of established civilization, surrounding themselves whenever possible with conspicuous and pretentious symbols of traditional high culture.

As the frontier towns became more prosperous and orderly, and as the number of women and children in the community increased, civic leaders grew anxious about their town's image, seeking overt signs of respectability and gentility. Merchants and land speculators, on their part, realizing an advantage in projecting a degree of permanence and solidarity, began encouraging cultural activities in the hope of attracting prospective settlers and industries. Parvenu rich, sensitive about a lowly background too recent to ignore, sought from the arts a facade of cultivation and an avenue for social acceptance. And yet in a convulsive society in which everything must be achieved quickly—amid the work of establishing an economy, maintaining law and order, and building homes and schools and churches—time was at a premium. Cultural symbols, therefore, must be tried and sure, potent with civilizing influence, and guaranteed to produce immediately the desired aura of stability and refinement. What urban frontiersmen wanted was a cultural concentrate, a hypodermic to ward off the barbaric influences of the primitive environment into which economic opportunities had lured them. In this search for instant culture, the frontier opera house emerged as perhaps the most coveted of cultural symbols, conspicuous in its elegance and a visible tie with the past and the best of European civilization.

The last third of the nineteenth century found opera houses appearing all over the western mining regions and in the major shipping points of the cattle kingdom. Maguire's Opera House in Virginia City, Nevada, opened in July, 1863, complete with billiard parlor, smoking room, mahogany bar inlaid with ivory, and green-covered gambling tables. The auditorium contained a double tier of boxes and was adorned with crystal chandeliers. Artistically, the Nevada opera house shortly became a major appendage of Thomas Maguire's more illustrious theatrical activities in San Francisco. Jack Langrishe, one of the great entertainers of the mining frontier, built scores of theaters throughout the Rocky Mountains and Black Hills, many of them humble and short-lived. The Langrishe Opera House in Helena, for example, was destroyed by fire on January 9, 1874, but was replaced six years later by the more elaborate Ming's Opera House. John Maguire, a cousin of the great California theatrical magnate, built a Grand Opera House in Great Falls and another in Butte, Montana. The latter, completed in 1885 and hailed locally as "the finest opera house" in the West "outside of San Francisco," burned in 1888 but was rebuilt within a few months at a cost of seventy thousand dollars. Aware of the ever-present menace fire presented on the frontier, civic leaders provided the Abilene Opera House in 1880 with a thousand-barrel water tank on its third story.

While the early frontier theaters were generally crude and makeshift—often no more than a loft over a saloon—attempts at sophistication soon became the order. The American Theater in San Francisco, for example, was built in 1851

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The opera house at Central City, Colorado, which still attracts operatic and dramatic performers the year around.

in such haste and on so flimsy a foundation that its walls sank an inch or two on opening night. But inside, the carpets were soft and thick, the paintings were gilt-framed, and the boxes had red velvet curtains and seats of red plush. Over the sides of the proscenium, close to the top, two eagles poised with spread wings and chandeliers hanging from their beaks. By the time the larger opera houses appeared, baroque ornateness had become the ideal, with decorations either imported from or modeled after Europe. When Thomas Maguire's Opera House opened in San Francisco in 1856, its stage boasted a characteristic drop curtain representing the city of Venice, with its palaces, domes, and towers. On a canal in the foreground floated gondolas bearing aristocratic ladies and cavaliers, flanked by a Venetian porch with columns and tapestries.

Probably the prize examples of frontier ornateness, however, are the two opera houses built by Horace Tabor in Colorado. The first, in Leadville, was opened in 1879 and considered at the time the most luxurious theater between St. Louis and San Francisco. The house contained a parquet, a dress circle, and two boxes on either side of the stage. The aisles were carpeted, the ceiling frescoed, the boxes carpeted, mirrored, and upholstered. Seventy-two gas jets took care of the lighting. The lower floor of the building consisted of a handsome saloon, where male patrons could reinforce their devotion for the arts with a drink or a brief hand of poker between acts.

Two years later, Tabor built another, more lavish opera house in Denver. Its foyer was wainscoted with cherry and lighted by a huge domed skylight of stained glass. Flanking the entrance to the center aisle were immense French mirrors with gilded frames. The whole interior was finished in natural cherry, hand-carved in intricate designs. The proscenium was framed by carved cherry columns imported from Japan, with gold leaf from France covering the stage arch. In a semicircular panel over the proscenium opening was a painting of Hector taking leave of Andromache. The curtain showed a ruined castle at sunset. The ceiling of the house was painted to look like "an early evening sky," and hanging from the dome was a mammoth crystal chandelier containing over a hundred jets. On the right wall was a huge circular stained-glass window, covered by heavy curtains during matinee performances. The lower boxes were decorated with tapestries copied from those of Louis XIV in the palace of Fontainebleu. The draperies, of embroidered silk plush, were manufactured in France at a cost of fifty dollars a yard. The second tier of boxes was decorated with Italian tapestry, while on the wall behind the third tier was painted a pastoral love scene. The furniture and other decorations were fitted up by Marshall Field of Chicago for a fee of twenty thousand dollars.

Although many of these frontier opera houses were doubtlessly gaudy monstrosities—cases of architectural eclecticism gone wild—they were viewed by the local citizenry with pride. "Perfection!" the *Rocky Mountain News* called Tabor's Grand Opera House in Denver; "The Grandest Mile Stone in Denver's Career." A few days later the Denver *Daily News* insisted, "A city is not a city until it has some grand temple dedicated to pleasure and amusement."

The dramatic and musical offerings at these opera houses usually received similar praise. Reviews were normally short, filled with rococo phrasing, often strained and sentimental. Describing an aria from *La Sonnambula* sung by a Señora Abalos, the *Alta California,* December 23, 1850, wrote:

> We almost thought we could see those exquisite notes taking wings like angels, and float aloft, or, converting

The curtain of the Tabor Opera House, Denver, painted by Robert Hopkins of Detroit. The inscription reads:

SO FLEET THE WORKS OF MAN, BACK TO THE EARTH AGAIN
ANCIENT AND HOLY THINGS FADE LIKE A DREAM . . .
—KINGSLEY

themselves into wreaths of evergreen memory, festoon each pillar or cornice, chaplets to tell how the heart may be softened and all the avenues of the soul laid open and the feelings born captive by the witching power of the most divine of all our enjoyment, Music.

More than a monument of civic pride, the frontier opera house was held as a place of beauty and spiritual uplift, taking on an almost religious air. The assemblage gathered there, especially for Shakespearean tragedy and opera, was repeatedly identified by the local press as the "beauty, taste, and fashion of the city," or "the better class, the most refined and intelligent of our citizens." When Catherine Hayes sang a concert in San Francisco in 1854, the audience was described as "the high minded, the pure and virtuous." The feeling seemed to exist that the beauty of the nobler arts somehow contained the power to combat the evils of the saloon and gambling den. Shortly after the opening of the American Theater, the *San Francisco Daily Herald* rejoiced "to see that theatrical amusements have reduced to a discount the morbid fascinations of the gaming table." At its best the stage was looked upon as a companion of the pulpit in the fight to bring civilization and spiritual rejuvenation to communities surrounded by wilderness and permeated with moral depravity.

SINCE THE OPERA HOUSE particularly was viewed as an ennobling temple of art and refinement, the personnel associated with it often behaved as if they had an obligation to maintain the image in their own lives. Thomas Maguire, the theatrical lion of the West Coast, had been an illiterate hack driver and ruffian in New York, and a gambler and saloonkeeper in his early days in San Francisco. By the time he had become the leading impresario of the California-Nevada mining region, however, he was suave in his manners and fashionable in appearance, wearing an enormous diamond in his scarf, a large solitaire on his finger, and a heavy gold watch chain and charm across his waistcoat. His first three theaters Maguire called the "Jenny Lind," although the Swedish Nightingale herself never got near any of them. Nevertheless, following her successful American tour under P. T. Barnum's management, Jenny Lind's name suggested all that was beautiful and genteel, and Tom Maguire was opportunist enough to capitalize on it. Imbued with the gambler's fascination with impossible odds, he was intrigued with producing grand opera and was personally enthralled with the operatic spectacle. Shrewd and opportunistic in virtually everything else that he did, Maguire's grandiose illusions lured him away from the practical path on this particular

subject, for his experiments with opera invariably resulted in heavy financial losses. After a series of early flirtations with the lyric theater, Maguire opened his opera houses in San Francisco and Virginia City, preferring in both cases the term *opera house* to *theater,* since it implied refinement and avoided the tainted connotation that *theater* carried with it at the time. In San Francisco, he presented opera on a grand scale, imported the best companies available, paid lavish prices, and halted only when faced with bankruptcy. Nothing in his early experience seems to indicate that Maguire was a devotee of grand opera before coming to California, but once there he appears to have felt that the loftiness of the lyric art was the surest way to implant civilization on the West Coast and win for himself a gentlemanly reputation.

Lily Langtry, the toast of the stage, friend of Europe's royalty, and queen of women's fashions for years.

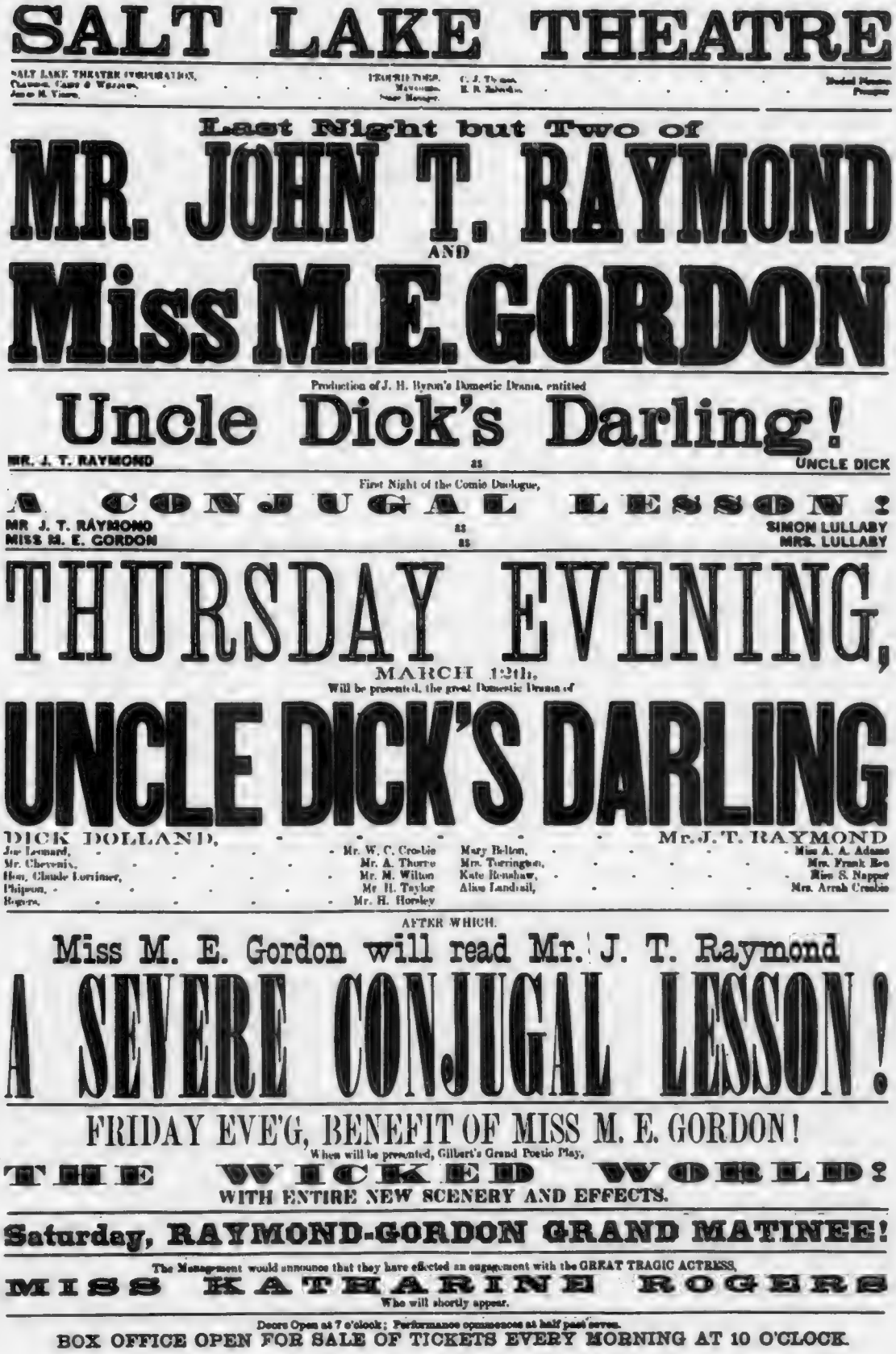
Performers also frequently found it advantageous to put on cultivated airs to assure the frontier populace of their gentility. Rose Haydee, Colorado's first leading lady, gave herself a touch of mystery and dignity by billing herself as "M'lle" Haydee when she arrived in Denver in 1859. The miners, failing to understand the contraction, called her Millie! Prompted by a visit to San Francisco, William Perkins wrote in his journal, "What aristocratic people these actors and actresses are in their choice of *noms de guerre*. I have often wondered if it were possible, for example, for a Mr. Jerry Grubbins to attain the eminence on the Histrionic boards so easily reached by Mr. Altamont Fitz Guelph." With opera singers the custom of assuming high-sounding names was even more common. Imitating Jenny Lind's claim as the "Swedish Nightingale," Eliza Biscaccianti, San Francisco's first real prima donna, called herself the "American Thrush." Audiences, especially at the opera house, were expected to be equally genteel and comply with the rules of propriety set by the social leaders of the western communities.

As described in the local press, the audiences attending the frontier opera house were refined, enthusiastic, and knowledgeable in the extreme. In repeated instances these reports became blatant examples of civic boosterism. "There are few cities in the world, or any of its population," wrote the *Alta California,* April 25, 1853, "that affords [*sic*] so liberal a support to the same number of artists, of every class and order, as San Francisco." Seven years later, reviewing a season of Italian opera at Maguire's Opera House, the *Golden Era* noted, "In the large Atlantic cities a season of fifteen nights is regarded as a wonderful musical achievement, but here in San Francisco—where dollars are as plentiful as are dimes elsewhere—we can keep up a 'run' for at least forty nights, and still ask for more." A few days later, carried away by the success of the current season, the exaggeration grew still further. "In California," the newspaper declared, "the *habitues* of the Opera are particularly exacting. They possess, in the aggregate, a higher degree of musical apprehension than audiences on the Atlantic side. . . . There is not a city in America where the Opera would be sustained for one hundred nights in uninterrupted succession, except San Francisco."

Yet even during this generally successful 1860 season at Maguire's, the public's enthusiasm for opera began to wane after a few repetitions. Toward the end of the season the *Golden Era,* which two weeks before had claimed that San Francisco's musical appreciation surpassed that of audiences in the East, had tempered its position:

> Lovers of music cannot afford to lag in their support of the opera if they would not lose so great a luxury altogether. . . . We hope our citizens will not falter . . . at this juncture. Let them determine to do the liberal thing, and stand together in support of an entertainment that exerts so refining an influence upon society and community, and contributes more perhaps than any other, to the good repute of San Francisco abroad.

Try as the frontier press might to show the opera house as a popular institution, in less guarded moments critics would admit to frequent poor attendance. Even San Francisco, the undisputed culture center of the American West, found filling the opera house difficult unless the works presented and the performers were constantly being changed. As a result, it was not unusual for a successful touring company to present there from twenty to thirty operas within a ten-week period, generally with fairly marginal artistic results. After all, a good percentage of the urban frontiersmen came to the opera for spectacle rather than vocal artistry; once the novelty of the show had worn off, audiences demanded new visual delights or else their interest dwindled.


SALT LAKE THEATRE

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Last Night but Two of

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND

AND

Miss M. E. GORDON

Production of J. H. Byron's Domestic Drama, entitled

Uncle Dick's Darling!

MR. J. T. RAYMOND as UNCLE DICK

First Night of the Comic Duologue,

A CONJUGAL LESSON:

MR J. T. RAYMOND as SIMON LULLABY
MISS M. E. GORDON as MRS. LULLABY

THURSDAY EVENING,

MARCH 12th,

Will be presented, the great Domestic Drama of

UNCLE DICK'S DARLING

DICK DOLLAND,	Mr. J. T. RAYMOND		
Joe Leonard,	Mr. W. C. Crosbie	Mary Belton,	Miss A. A. Adams
Mr. Chevenix,	Mr. A. Thorne	Mrs. Turrington,	Mrs. Frank Rea
Hon. Claude Lorrimer,	Mr. M. Wilton	Kate Renshaw,	Miss S. Napper
Phipson,	Mr. H. Taylor	Alice Landrail,	Mrs. Arrah Crosbie
Rogers,	Mr. H. Horsley		

AFTER WHICH.

Miss M. E. Gordon will read Mr. J. T. Raymond

A SEVERE CONJUGAL LESSON!

FRIDAY EVE'G, BENEFIT OF MISS M. E. GORDON!

When will be presented, Gilbert's Grand Poetic Play,

THE WICKED WORLD!

WITH ENTIRE NEW SCENERY AND EFFECTS.

Saturday, RAYMOND-GORDON GRAND MATINEE!

The Management would announce that they have effected an engagement with the GREAT TRAGIC ACTRESS,

MISS KATHARINE ROGERS

Who will shortly appear.

Doors Open at 7 o'clock; Performance commences at half past seven.

BOX OFFICE OPEN FOR SALE OF TICKETS EVERY MORNING AT 10 O'CLOCK.

Promotional poster, showing entertainment highlights at the Salt Lake City Opera House, 1874.

ALTHOUGH THE FRONTIER opera house was a symbol of refinement and civilization, often spoken of as a fortress against barbarism, most of its patrons were either already culturally astute or were more interested in social display than in the art of the lyric theater. The most dedicated supporters of the opera appear to have been the new rich, who found the dress circle an ideal arena for parading their latest finery. The report of the *San Francisco Daily Evening Bulletin,* July 1, 1859, is typical: "While the dress-circle was well filled last night, the other portions of the house were poorly attended—indeed, the two upper tiers of boxes were almost empty." San Francisco, nevertheless, had the added advantage of possessing a substantial foreign population, which turned out for the opera in force, especially the Italians and Germans. Attendance by miners from the neighboring camps, however, was at best irregular and infrequent. Most miners on a spree into town far preferred the entertainment of the saloon and variety hall to the offering at the opera house.

Contemporary accounts from the various frontiers are filled with allusions to the civilizing influences of the theater and the opera house, but the facts suggest that the less genteel

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element—whether it be miners, workers, or cowboys—was discouraged from attending. These more rustic citizens clearly did not fit into the grandiose image civic leaders were striving to establish. At the opera house infractions against protocol were censured by the press in no uncertain terms. Whispering and talking during the performance, ill-timed applause, spitting tobacco juice, displays of romantic affection, and throwing gold—or still worse, debris—at the performers were publicly condemned from time to time as damaging to the town's reputation. During a dramatic performance in San Francisco one evening, a miner from one of the surrounding camps was seated in the front of the dress circle. The theater being rather warm, the miner removed his coat shortly after the play began. Immediately the audience all around him set up such a furor that the performance had to stop until the transgressor had put his coat back on, thereby restoring the dignity of the dress circle.

Even the foreign population, while welcomed as a reliable boost to attendance, was at the same time viewed with some suspicion. Most foreigners were considered superior judges of the opera, but in their enthusiasm they often indulged in behavior and expressions of emotion that the Anglo-American majority deemed questionable. The Italians so disturbed the sense of propriety of San Francisco's social elite with their practice of throwing flowers to a favored prima donna or tenor that there were eventually pleas for them to desist.

With such a strict code of etiquette, the opera house affected an artificial air, becoming something of a special playground for the town's social aspirants. The foreign population persisted in attending in fairly substantial numbers out of genuine devotion to music, but members of the community with more tentative artistic interests—and certainly miners or cowboys—were frequently intimidated by the formalism. In a smaller town of the back country, ordinary citizens and casual visitors might occasionally pass through the opera house; but in San Francisco or Denver the chances were unlikely, at least by the time Tom Maguire and Horace Tabor were building their great monuments to the arts.

Yet while urban frontiersmen dreamed of beauty and opulence and did everything possible to contrive such an environment in their opera houses, there are indications that the degree of refinement never met their hopes. For instance,

Tom Maguire, San Francisco's opera entrepreneur.

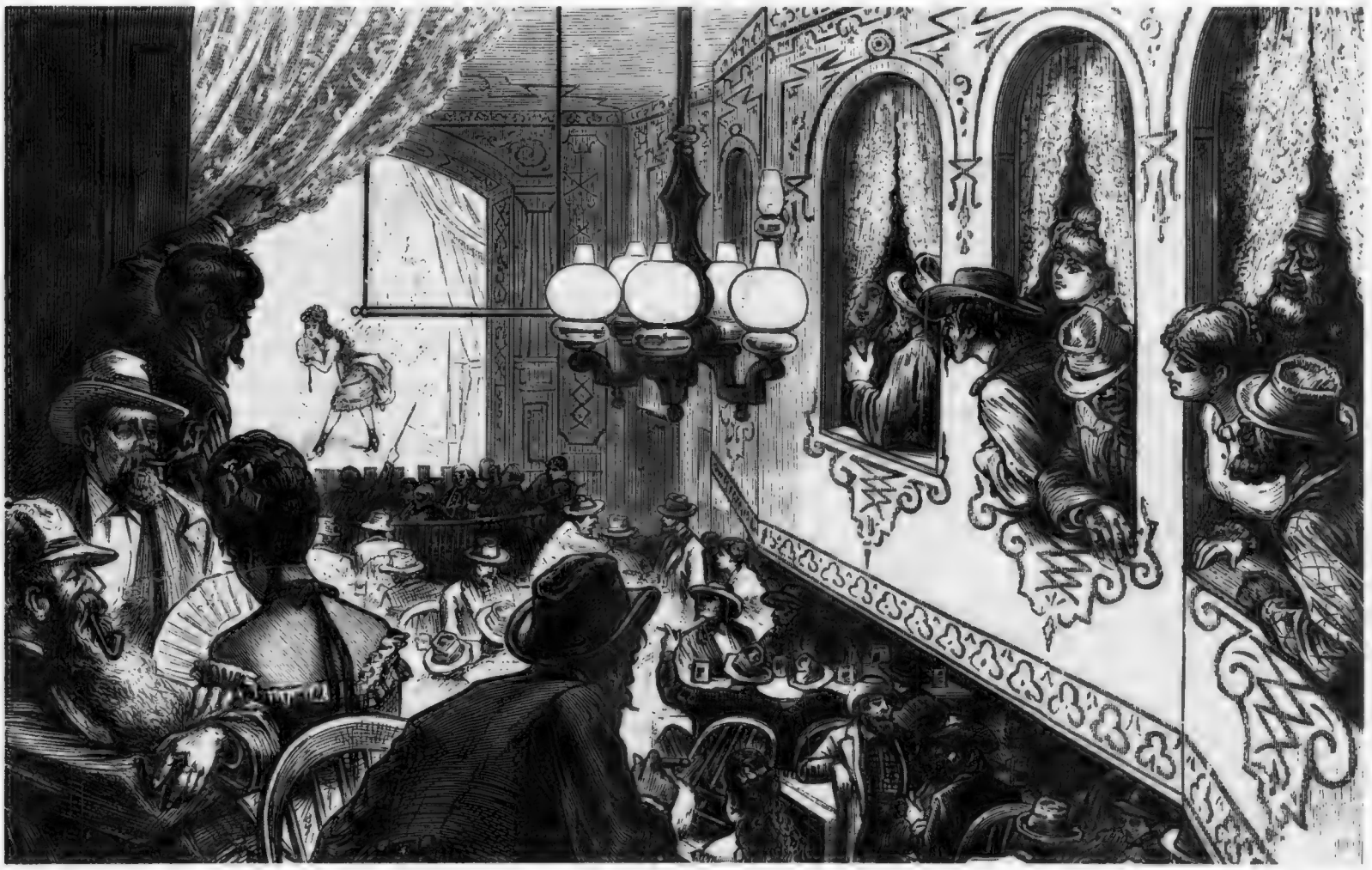
Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, sometime in the mid-1850s.

in the early days of the American Theater, where much of San Francisco's first opera was presented, peanuts were sold in the aisles at intermissions for the audience to munch during the performance. A San Francisco critic, reviewing a production of *Il Trovatore* in 1859, suggested, "An improvement would be effected by dispensing with the cow-bell used to signal the orchestra into their places, preparatory to calling up the curtain." And among all the splendor of the Tabor Opera House in Leadville was a sign reading: USE OF TOBACCO IN ANY FORM PROHIBITED—DON'T SPIT ON THE FLOOR. *The Californian*, referring to a performance at Maguire's Opera House in 1864, sounded a bit surprised to report, "the house was full, and the audience, for a wonder, were well dressed." In 1854, the city's press was commenting on the small number of ladies attending the theater and opera, although the gentlemen present were described as "the most refined and intelligent of our citizens." Even when the audience itself was fairly selective, unwelcome rowdies and noisy inebriates strolled into the theater from time to time, muttering judgment on the singers or yelling advice to the characters on stage.

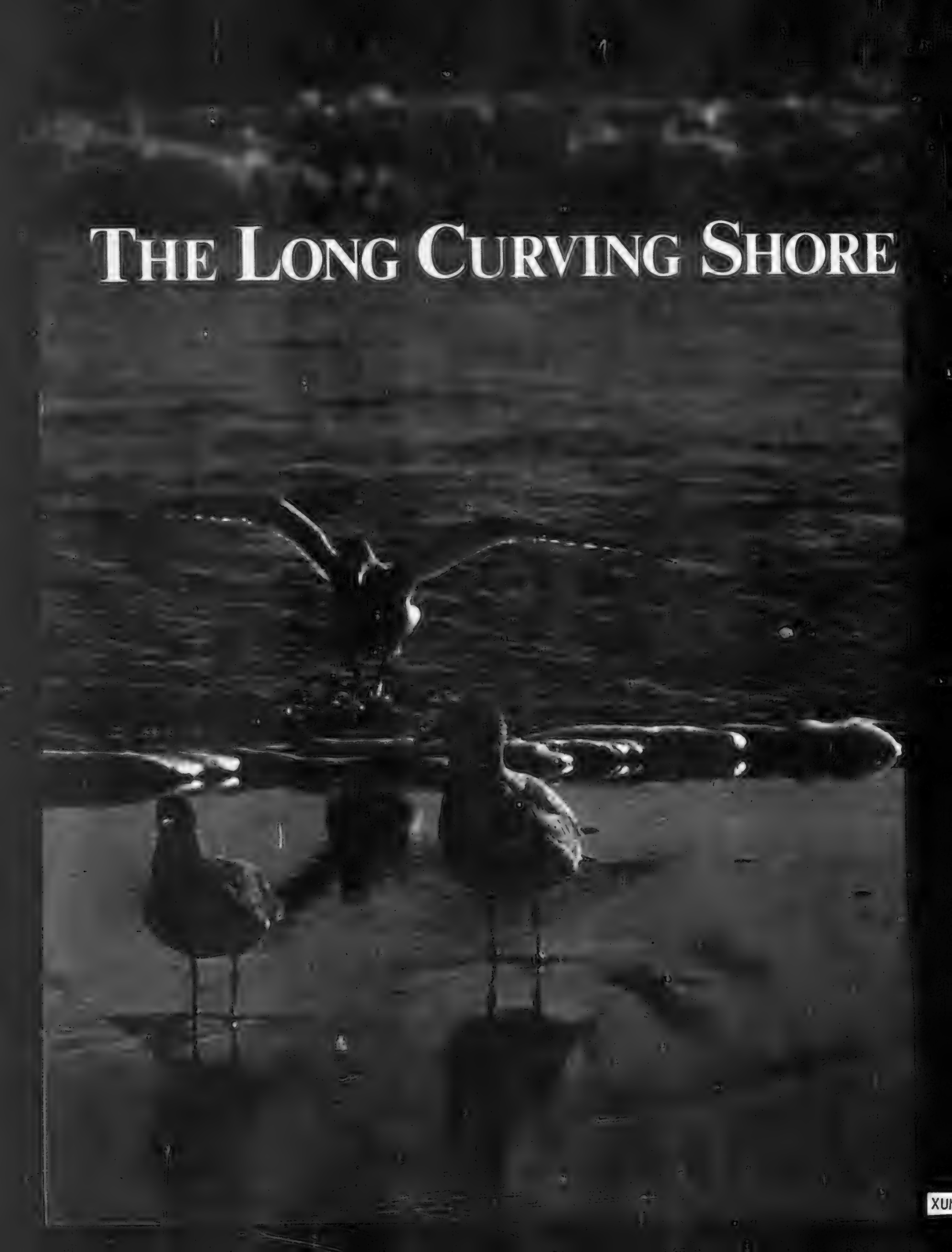
Local critics were normally prone to exaggerate the quality of performance at the frontier opera house, even suggesting that productions were superior to those given in the East. Occasional lapses into honesty, however, reveal that operatic presentations in the early West often left much to be desired. The trouble frequently stemmed from touring companies' constant changes in repertoire, resulting in a different opera's being staged practically every night, with each repeated only once or twice during a season. At Maguire's Opera House in 1859 the chorus was made up of eight German singers, all men. The *Daily Evening Bulletin*, delighted when the male choristers were later augmented by four female voices, admitted that San Franciscans did not expect the high standards found in the cities of Europe or the eastern United States. "A very hungry man," a reviewer suggested, "is not fastidious as to the character of the victuals that satisfy his appetite. So here, we have been so long without dramatic music of the highest class, that we are prepared to make every allowance for shortcomings and rejoice in the feast as it is set before us." Visitors, however, especially those from abroad, were seldom

Continued on page 63

Dramatic entertainment in Cheyenne, from* Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, *October 13, 1877.



THE LONG CURVING SHORE



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Introduction by T. H. Watkins

OUR LONG western pilgrimage ended at the sea." When William Clark wrote in his diary on December 3, 1805, that the Lewis and Clark expedition had at last reached "the Great *South Sea,* or Pacific Ocean," he did more than note the end of a great journey of exploration: he penned the first words of a long conclusion—the conclusion to a story that had begun more than three hundred years earlier, when a dream impelled Columbus to the discovery of a continent. The last words of that conclusion were written

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The photographs and captions for this article have been excerpted from Don Greame Kelley's Edge of a Continent: The Pacific Coast from Alaska to Baja, *a major book to be published by American West Publishing Company in the spring of 1971.*

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nearly a century after Clark by the U.S. census when it arbitrarily proclaimed that the frontier had closed. In the eighty-five-year interval an army of men had pushed across North America to its very edge, where the energies that had driven them westward were turned back upon the land. "The westering was as big as God," one of the characters in John Steinbeck's *The Long Valley* says, "and the slow steps that made the movement piled up and piled up until the continent was crossed. Then we came down to the sea and it was done."

Small wonder, then, that the western coast of North America has risen large in the imagination and memory of man.

Gulls frequent salt waters the world over, and a score or more different species are found along the Pacific shore.

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The rain forest of the Olympic Peninsula, Washington, where venerable Sitka spruces and other trees are draped in the soft green clubmosses hanging in curtains from every branch.

«The forest that covers the Olympic Peninsula is the thickest part of the evergreen jungle that extends from Northern California to the Alaska Peninsula. The trees push up two hundred feet and more above the spongy mat of the forest floor—push up so high that the murmur of the wind in the branches is indistinct, and the rays of the midday sun filter down like light into deep water.»

—*The Last Wilderness*, by Murray Morgan

It speaks with the poignance of a dream ending, of a great urge finally satisfied. More, like all coastlines, the western shore is a line between the known and the unknown, a threshold between the solid familiarity of the earth and the dark uncertainties of the sea, a place of magic, of beauty and contrast and conflict older than all of men's dreams. It marks the division between what we know and what we can only guess, and is therefore a home for poets.

It is also the longest, most prominent demarcation line between land and sea on earth. It begins far out on the Aleutian chain with volcanic shards of the continent known as Unalaska and Unimak Islands, then sweeps northeastward through the Aleutian Range to the Alaska Panhandle and the North American mainland. Running south and east along the broken coast of the Gulf of Alaska, it turns more directly south at the Alaska Panhandle through a series of ice-carved archipelagoes which climax at Vancouver Island and the Strait of Juan de Fuca. From there south to the tip of Baja stretches the longest nearly unbroken coastline in the world, past the Olympic Mountains, the tangled green Coast Range of Oregon and the fog-ridden redwood belt of Northern California, past San Francisco and Monterey Bays and the Santa Lucia Mountains climbing straight up from the edge of the sea, past Arguello and Conception points and the semiarid plain of the Los Angeles Basin, past San Diego and Coronado's strand, and finally south along the 900-mile finger of Baja California to land's end at Cabo San Lucas.

In its 4,600 miles of length, the western shore reaches from a land of glacier-scarred rock on the edge of the Arctic to bitter deserts on the fringe of the tropics, encompassing along the way a bewildering variety of earth-forms: sky-raking peaks, gentle hills, cliffs, valleys, plains, deserts, and islands;

California black oaks are found in the Southern California mountains and in the Coast Ranges to southwestern Oregon.

glaciers, fiords, rivers, sounds, and bays—together with a complex panoply of vegetation, from the straightforward upthrust of cedar and redwood to the outlandish architecture of cacti. It is surely one of the most splendidly various geographic provinces on earth.

The photographs on these pages are a testament to that variety and the beauty contained within it. They document the eternal tension between earth and sea that has produced a landscape of wonder, sometimes gentle, frequently harsh, forever compelling. There is another aspect to these pictures, however, and that is that they record some portions of this long shoreline where men came for glory or gold, to conquer or Christianize. They saw this edge—of land or of sea—after having come by foot across the northern expanse, by ship across the sea, by wagon from the east beyond the mountain backbone and the vast deserts.

This was the place where man took root, where the seeds of western history were sown. Spaniards, Mexicans, Russians, pioneers and prospectors came to this wild land and left their marks. As the decades passed, more people came, and the land was no longer wild.

We look upon this portrait of the western edge and regret that too many people have come, crowding this long, curving shore, leaving too many scars—ending, perhaps one day in the future, the beauty and productivity of the landscape. We must be concerned about its survival, for it is a storehouse of beauty, another of those precious connections between past, present, and future that can fill a man with wonder.

Young blue-footed boobies. Many of the islands of the Gulf of California are fertile waterfowl breeding grounds and need the protection of sanctuary status.

The San Francisco Marina—between the Golden Gate and the larger slips of the Embarcadero.

Overleaf: San Francisco Bay, looking from Marin County toward Oakland; the tall, white buildings of San Francisco appear in the upper right.

«As soon as we ascended to the summit, we descried a great bay formed by a point of land which runs far out into the open sea and looks like an island. Farther out, about west-northwest from where we stood and a little to the southwest of the point, six or seven white farallones of different sizes were to be seen. Following the coast of the bay to the north some white cliffs are visible, and to the northwest is the mouth of an estuary which seems to penetrate into the land. In view of these signs, and what is stated in the itinerary of the pilot Cabrera Bueno, we came to the recognition of this port; it is that of our Father San Francisco, and we have left that of Monterey behind.»

—Father Juan Crespí, October 31, 1769
***San Francisco Bay* by Theodore E. Treutlein**

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Close to the Baja shore in the northern end of the Gulf of California, Las Islas Encantadas ("the Enchanted Isles") provide a scenic backdrop for a desert garden near the beach.

Tall desert sculptures of Baja California.

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Overleaf: The Matanuska River, near Cook Inlet, looking eastward toward King Mountain and the Chugach Range of southeastern Alaska.

« The line from Santa Rosalia to Guaymas represents the end of what might be considered the occupied portion of the Gulf. To the north lie waters that are entered at rare intervals and only by vessels called on special missions. After leaving the copper mine we were to be virtually alone in a great arm of the ocean . . . out of contact with mankind . . .»

—*Lower California,* by Griffing Bancroft

« Monday 1st June. At 2 o'clock in the Morning the Master returned and reported that he had found the Inlet or rather river contracted to the breadth of one league by low land on each side, through which it took a northerly direction. . . . All hopes of a passage was now given up, but as the Ebb was almost spent & we could not return against the flood, I thought I might as well take the advantage of the latter to get a nearer view of the Eastern branch, and finally to determine whether the low land on the East side of the River was an island as we had supposed or not.»

—*The Explorations of Captain James Cook (1768–1779)* edited by A. Grenfell Price

« Considering the drought and the hard soil, it is surprising to find anything growing in California. It is even more surprising to learn that nearly half of the California plants are full of liquid, like a beet, and that many of them grow so tall and weighty they could easily compete with a well-developed oak tree, and would yield ten times as much sap if anyone would try to press them or in some other way extract the juice.»

—*Observations in Lower California* by Johann Jakob Baegert, S.J., a Jesuit priest who spent two decades (1751–68) in missionary labors among the Indians of Baja.

A pine clings to Santa Cruz Island, off the coast near Los Angeles.

« We passed Point Conception at a flying rate, the wind blowing so that it would have seemed half a gale to us if we had been going the other way and close hauled. As we drew near the islands of Santa Barbara, it died away a little, but we came-to at our old anchoring ground in less than thirty hours from the time of leaving Monterey.»

—*Two Years Before the Mast,* by Richard H. Dana, Jr.

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Paradise Mountain stands on the Kenai Peninsula, Alaska, in view of the road from Anchorage to Seward. It supports its own minuscule glacier, and is wreathed in spruce forest.

Baja's cirio, or "boojum tree" (from Lewis Carroll's fanciful poem, "The Hunting of the Snark"), reaches gracefully for the desert sun.

«In speaking of California plant life in general, it is well to know: first, that in the whole territory there is to be found neither forest nor grove. Second, that there is not a single tree which bears fruit, although in other American provinces such trees are found in great numbers and in many varieties. And third, not a single tree . . . which spreads enough shade to provide a comfortable shelter or furnishes useful wood for carpentry or cabinet work . . .»

—*Observations in Lower California*
by Johann Jakob Baegert, S.J.

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THE LAST FRONTIER

A hundred years ago the last frontier was the great American West—a primitive land, untouched and unknown except by the adventurous explorer, the determined pioneer, or the prospector seeking golden wealth in the hills.

"On the Trail of the Grizzly" is tne first of a

On the Trail of the

series written by a present-day pioneer, Sam Wright, who depends upon the erratic patterns of a bush pilot to pick up his manuscript from the author's cabin, high in the Brooks Range of Alaska. Sam Wright's wilderness is still the West of Lewis and Clark, Escalante and Ferdinand Hayden. But here a man faces double jeopardy, the age-old struggle against the elements and the encroachments of a modern society—oil fields, industry, recreationists, and educators determined to provide Eskimo schools to "acclimate" the young natives of the land to the twentieth century.

GRIZZLY A BEAR HUNT FOR SURVIVAL

By SAM WRIGHT

THE TACAMAHAC had already shed most of its leaves when the grizzly used it for a scratching pole. Standing with his back against the white trunk of the balsam poplar, he rubbed up and down, moving from one side to the other as a few remaining leaves fluttered to the ground, golden in the September sunshine. The expression on the grizzly's face appeared as a grin of satisfaction, and I grinned too as I watched him through my field glasses, for here was a prize bear if I ever saw one!

My pulse picked up a bit, as it always does when I first see my winter meat. Two days ago there was the same quickening of the pulse, before I took our first fall caribou on the shore of the lake only three hundred yards from the cabin. We were already beginning to feel the slight anxiety which comes with frosty nights and the migration of birds to the south. One hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, in the Brooks Range of Alaska, winter can come suddenly.

As I pulled back the bolt and threw a cartridge into the chamber of my rifle and began the downwind stalk, I was keenly aware that meat, and particularly fat, is the staff of life when the temperature drops to forty and fifty degrees below zero. The finest fat is that of a bear stuffed on goose grass, blueberries, and lowbush cranberries. And here, less than half a mile away, silver and brown among the white trunks of the poplars, was a giant bear whose fat would oil our leather and fry our doughnuts, and whose heavy pelt would warm our feet during the long arctic night.

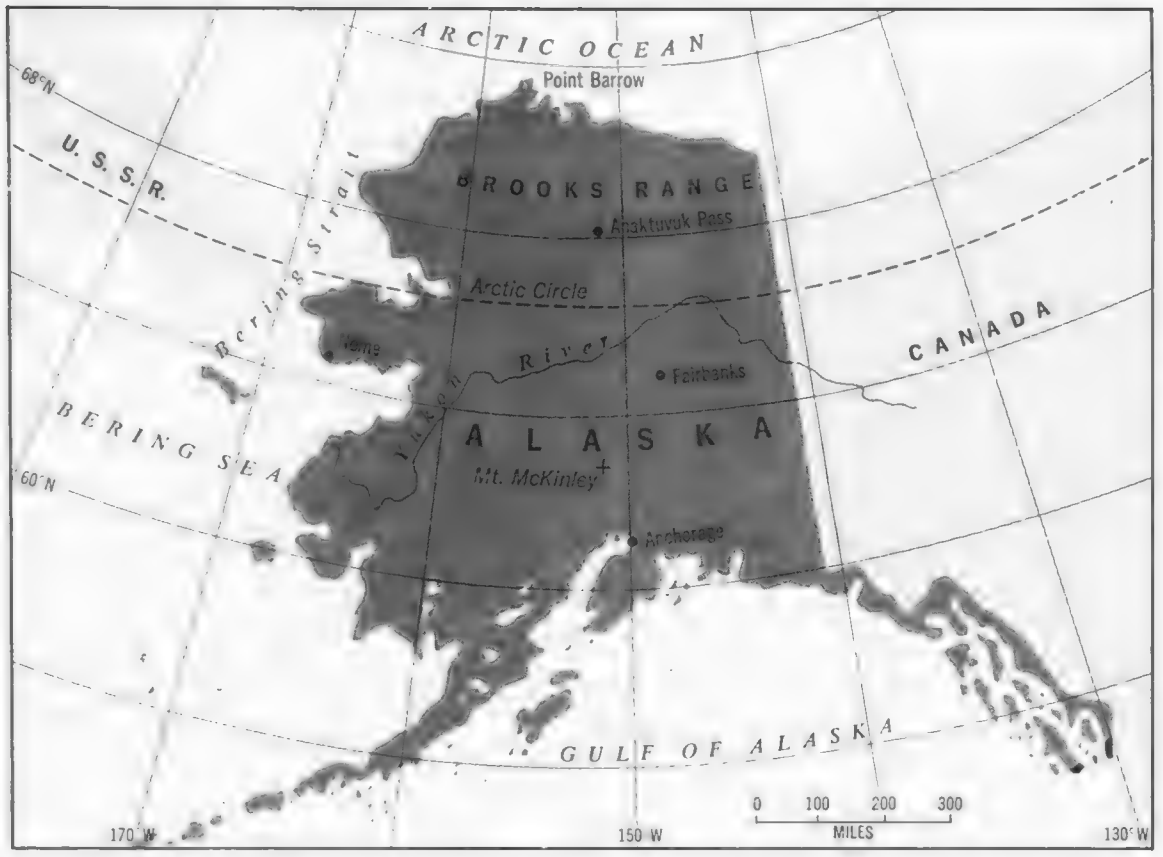
Stooping out of sight, I moved cautiously along the top of

Sam Wright, like many people in our time, was concerned, unhappy about the uncivilized state of civilization. Unlike the many, he decided to do something. He left his comfortable post as a professor of social ecology at a theological seminary and headed north—and didn't stop until he reached the Brooks Range, nearly one hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle.

Here, away from the sound and fury, he began his one-man crusade to preserve the last American frontier. He found the place where conservationist Bob Marshall had planted trees three decades earlier and here he planted more trees. Here he began to write, to alert the rest of the world to the fearsome aspects of the future of a great untarnished land. Here he listened to learn about the life and struggle of the Eskimo and to observe the beginning of the end of an ancient native culture.

Living in a log cabin built by a gold prospector over forty years ago, Sam is existing by his own ingenuity and the fruits of a stark land, writing and filming the story of this final wilderness:

I have chosen to live in this last great wilderness, disturbing it as little as possible and becoming a part of its ecology. One reason for this choice was the recognition that at this moment in history, not only is this great wilderness doomed unless voices speak out in its behalf, but so is that frontier quality where life remains unequivocally firsthand. This is not confined to wilderness, but certainly a voice should come from the last frontier, the wilderness itself.



The author's arctic home is in the central Brooks Range, two hundred miles north of Fairbanks, near Anaktuvuk Pass.

"The cabin in which I am wintering is only twelve by twelve feet inside, but it sits half a thousand feet above the lake on a mountain shelf, the only habitation for miles."

"I could hear him in the dry leaves. I raised up for a view. Bruin's head was down where he was gathering lowbush cranberries with his sensitive, flexible lips."

a knoll. I felt a twinge of conscience, stalking a grizzly. In the Lower Forty-eight, this magnificent beast is already a rarity outside of zoos, and though he is not yet threatened in the wilderness that we share near the top of the world, I feel a responsibility for his future here. However, there was no doubt in my mind that this was the bear which had twice smashed through the heavily boarded windows of my neighbor's cabin on his claim at Eight Mile Creek and made a shambles of it.

The moss and lichen crunched with frost where the sunlight was filtered through blueberry bushes. I tried to step quietly on the sunny tops of the tussocks across an open space screened by a row of alder bushes. Grizzlies have poor eyesight but good hearing and an excellent sense of smell. They also have a quality of persistence, returning year after year to ransack a cabin or cache.

We also had a concern that he might give us an unexpected visit, for this would be the second winter my wife and I would spend alone in a twelve-by-twelve-foot log cabin in this last great wilderness on the American continent. With no roads or neighbors for many miles and no way of calling out, our contact with the outside world is by bush plane. After freeze-up, early in October, the bush pilot can make his monthly landing on the lake ice to bring our mail, staples, and aid if needed.

HOLDING MY RIFLE overhead while struggling as quietly as possible through willows in a ravine, I was aware that living in this mountain wilderness, two hundred miles north of Fairbanks, produces a sense of self-sufficiency which is no illusion. Days like this give a quality of existence all but lost in our technological age—a sense of aliveness, of living firsthand. That quality is enhanced when you prepare your own meat, chink your cabin, and cut your wood. There is no busywork. Everything is essential. Add to this a great grizzly bear, and that essential quality takes on a dimension known to few—mountain climbers, artists, and hunters.

It was the hunter which sharpened my senses, as I paused to listen before easing up the bank, which blocked my view of the poplar grove where I had spotted the grizzly. I could hear him in the dry leaves. I raised up for a view. Bruin's head was down where he was gathering lowbush cranberries with his sensitive, flexible lips. He was moving toward me as he grazed in the bushes. I decided to remain out of sight behind the bank, where I could watch him and add to my knowledge of bears in the wild.

The "Great White Bear," as he was called by early explorers such as Lewis and Clark, has had a dramatic role in the history and folklore of America. In Alaska he is still spoken of with

awe, and inland Eskimos discipline their children with, "*Aklak* will get you." His reputation for violence continues despite our growing knowledge. Even the Random House *American College Dictionary* continues the legend by defining the grizzly as "a large, ferocious bear."

After leaning my rifle carefully against the bank and taking off my pack, I picked up my field glasses and slowly lifted my head. I could see no bear. Lowering my gaze, I could still see no sign of him. The only movement was a faint rustle of leaves as a slight breeze stirred. I could hear my heart beat in my throat, and I held my breath to listen, but it was as if the great bear had never been. Where had he gone? There was no place to hide among the white trunks of the tacamahac, and I had taken my eyes from him only a few seconds before. A gray jay called in the distance behind me; except for that and the sound of my breathing and the thump of my heart, it was still—very still.

I stood there motionless, alert for what seemed a good five minutes before slowly bending over, picking up the rifle, and releasing the safety catch. A twig snapped behind me and I swung around, rifle ready. It was only a jay that had flown into a tree to investigate my presence.

I had a feeling that I was no longer the hunter, but the hunted, and I tried to shrug if off as irrational. I spent many hours observing bears in the wild, and except for the sow concerned for her cubs, I knew a bear would avoid contact with a human being. But today something was different. I did not feel like an observer. Then I realized it was because I was stalking this bear not as an ecologist and naturalist, but as a hunter with the intent of taking his life. Somehow I projected this knowledge onto the grizzly, so that he too knew the stakes were life and death. No matter how irrational it seemed, between the time I had spotted the grizzly and stalked him into the grove of tacamahac, he had sensed the situation and had taken the initative. It was either he or I.

I smiled stiffly at my own projection but could not relax as I looked and listened with strained alertness. Where had he gone? I recalled tales of people being attacked by bears and, though I tried, could not shake from my mind the image of a crippled northern Alaskan neighbor whose one good eye looked from a badly scarred face. He had been attacked from behind by a grizzly, mauled, and left for dead.

"The heavy pelt of the grizzly provides welcome warmth on cold arctic nights."

"After towing in the first fall caribou to the lakeshore cabin, I will hang the meat in a cache, where it will freeze and be used throughout the winter."

Cautiously I eased up over the bank, stepping carefully between the sedge tussocks, annoyed that they kept me glancing down to watch my step. As I approached the tree where I had first seen the bear scratching, I discovered a brush-filled creek bed a few yards beyond, not visible from where I had stood. The willow and alder were thick in the ravine, and it was obvious that the bear had disappeared in their cover. At an opening in the thick brush the bear's droppings were still steaming on the frozen turf.

Standing still, I listened. A twig snapped, and then with a loud "Wroof!" the grizzly burst out of the brushy creek bottom directly across from me. He scrambled to the top of the bank, turned, and stood erect.

It was only for a moment, but in the mystery of the mind that moment could have been minutes or hours as we took measure of each other. *Ursus horribilis,* the "horrible," he was named in another age, but what a misnomer for this magnificent creature. As he stood on his hind legs, an aura of gold shown through the guard hairs above his shoulders and his great claws sparkled with sunlight in front of the glossy brown of his chest. I thought of how many thousands of times we had faced each other like this, man and bear, and the odds were never even. I had the rifle, the bow, the spear. I was the predator. I would have fat for the winter, fresh meat, and a warm skin for my bed.

The loud report of my rifle and collapse of the bear were simultaneous as the 180-grain bullet broke his neck.

For me the climax of a hunt brings not only elation but an accompanying feeling of the bottom dropping out beneath me, a sinking sensation in the stomach along with a deep sadness. I have wondered if the gesture of forgiveness or the small rituals of gratitude to the spirit of the animal that exist in many hunting cultures were born from this kind of response. I know that, on my part, I seldom squeeze a trigger without silently mouthing at the same time, "Forgive."

The late afternoon sun was warm on my back as I gutted and skinned the great golden bear. His pelt alone was a full load on my packboard; on a spring scale at the cabin, it weighed seventy pounds. Before dark, I made two more trips to the cabin, one with a full load of fat, and on the last trip I packed in a hundred-pound ham. Cutting the rest of the carcass into manageable pieces, I cached it above the reach of wolves in the spruce trees near the kill.

After supper we rendered eight quarts of fat. As it crackled on the Yukon stove, we listened to the wolves howl in the distance. They had found the cached meat. I hoped I had hung it high enough.

Early the next morning I went to check on the meat I had hung in the spruce. It was gone—only one piece of bone and sinew remained. The wolves had been there, but it was not they who had dislodged and pulled down more than three hundred pounds of bear meat, although they had helped consume it. Scratches in the cache-tree and a distinctive track in the dirt where the carcass had been consumed were wolverine—*Gulo gulo*, the "glutton." My fellow predators had outsmarted me.

I hated to lose the meat, and especially the fat I had left behind. On the other hand, we needed a wolverine pelt for our winter parka ruffs. There is none better for shedding frost and ice crystals. Leaning my rifle against the tree, and taking off my pack. . . .

But this is another experience to be told another time.

COLLECTOR'S CHOICE

STOVES FOR THE HOMESTEADER

By Rex Bundy

TO THE HOMESTEADER, the prairie seemed to stretch endlessly, its broad face broken only by small clumps of white poplar—scraggly little trees with slender, twisted trunks and limbs. Other little brush piles of serviceberry, chokecherry, and buckbrush dotted its surface but none broke its broad sweep. These scrubby growths constituted the wood available to prairie homesteaders for cooking and heating purposes. The alternative was a long trip to the few river bottoms where the larger trees—cottonwood, ash, elm, and oak—grew. The homesteader, busy each day during the summer and fall, had little opportunity to make this long trip until after the harvest. This meant not only his own harvest but the harvest of his neighbors for miles around because of the custom of exchanging labor. The harvest would usually last into the early winter.

The prairie is noted for its extreme cold and for the sudden, vicious blizzards that materialize with scarcely a warning. Since hauling wood, in winter, was extremely hazardous, the homesteader was forced to utilize any type of fuel close at hand, which limited him to hay, straw, cow chips, corncobs, or cornstalks.

There were many manufactured stoves on the market that would utilize these fuels. One was the Pride of the West, a stove guaranteed to cook, bake, or heat as well as any coal or wood stove on the market. There was little dirt, or litter, as the ashes were carried out in the drum. One filling of loose straw would make a good fire for an hour and a half. It would boil water in nine minutes, bake apples in fifteen and potatoes in twenty. Flax straw was the recommended fuel, and the straw from four acres of flax would be ample for the ordinary family for one year. This stove would also burn cornstalks, corncobs, hay, and cow chips, and was advertised as a very good summer stove because of the ease in controlling the fire.

The Prairie Queen was a combination stove that would burn straw, wood, or coal with equal facility. When using wood or coal, the homesteader removed the drum and put the cover on the firebox. This stove had two additional heating units in the form of flues: one ran completely around the oven and the other ran over the top and underneath, thus assuring even baking heat to all parts of the oven. It consumed about two tons of straw or hay per month.

The Prairie Prince was a diving flue base burner to be used for heating only. It would make a strong even fire for about five hours on one filling of loose straw or hay. The burner drum would hold approximately twenty pounds of fuel, and, when packed tight, this stove would burn with a slow, hot fire for twenty-four hours.

The Daisy was a direct heater. It had no flues other than the stovepipe. It was advertised as being ideal for the bedroom as it would heat the room quickly, making it pleasant and comfortable for retiring. With an extra drum ready to light in the morning, the room would be warm enough, in a few minutes, for comfortable dressing.

It was from this stove that the homesteader patterned his straw-burning heater, which was found in nearly every homestead shack and soddy on the prairie. These homemade stoves heated well, used a fuel that was free and abundant, and were fairly cheap to come by as they were fabricated by local artisans, usually paid by barter.

The heater was a simple drum affair that sat on a cast-iron base. The two drums were fashioned by cutting a sheet of metal into two pieces seven by four feet. The ends of each sheet were crimped in the manner of present-day stovepipe, and the lap joint was then flattened and secured with handset rivets one inch apart. For the top and bottom two caps were put in place, providing an almost smokeless fit.

One unusual feature of this stove was that the stovepipe hole was at the bottom of the drum instead of the top, as in the case of a wood or coal stove. This hole, approximately six inches from the bottom of the drum, was fitted with a collar to facilitate the removal of the stovepipe when it became necessary to change drums. At the burner end, the stovepipe was fixed firmly in place by passing it through a piece of sheet metal, which stood upright and was fastened securely to the burner base, not only supporting the stovepipe but acting as a shield to protect the wall of the house from overheating.

The drafts were two slots opposite the stovepipe hole and covered with metal flags, much like the ones on rural mailboxes. They were riveted to the drum and pivoted on the rivet to allow opening and closing.

When the homemade bases for these stoves proved to be unsatisfactory because the light-gauge metal burned through too rapidly, factory-made bases of heavy cast iron on six inch legs were ordered from the East. The entire heater, when

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assembled and ready for use, was four feet high, three feet in diameter, and six inches from the floor when mounted.

To use the heater, the homesteader packed the drum with straw as firmly as possible, usually by having small children jump on the straw as it was pitched into the drum. The tighter it was packed, the longer the fire would burn. The bottom cap was replaced, the drum inverted and put back on the base, the stovepipe attached, and the unit was ready to light. A match was usually used, inserted through one of the draft slots; but in the case of a shortage of matches, one could substitute a "quill" of paper, made by rolling any scrap piece of paper diagonally and then crimping the flared end to keep it from unrolling.

When the fuel had been consumed, the stovepipe was disconnected, the drum removed from the base and immediately replaced with another. During this operation, all women and young children were usually sent to another portion of the house because this chore was always accompanied by scorched fingers—and hotter language!

Most homesteaders had two drums for their heaters, one in use and one for a spare. Together they would last twenty-four hours, depending on how tightly the straw was packed. Some homesteaders had as many as five drums, thus assuring themselves of an adequate supply of fuel.

Attachments were available that enabled the homesteader to convert his wood or coal stove for burning hay or straw. These manufactured attachments, like the stoves themselves, were almost prohibitive in price to the average settler. Consequently, he either built, or had built for him, a narrow oblong box of sheet metal that would cover the firebox of his stove. The homemade boxes varied in size according to the stove and were not as efficient as the manufactured ones.

The two illustrations show attachments that fitted onto the front door of the cook stoves. The fire burned in the firebox of the attachment and the flame entered the stove's firebox through the front door—an awkward device because the cook had to reach around it when maneuvering pots and pans in and out of the stove.The awkwardness was offset, however, in that such converters did not leak smoke.

Converters could also utilize grass, hay, corncobs, cornstalks, and other easily obtainable fuel. They were used during the summer months, not only to conserve wood, but to conserve tempers. When loosely packed, they would furnish enough heat to cook a meal and, at the same time, not create so much heat as to make the house untenable.

Homesteader stoves were certainly not much of a contribution toward the overall development of American stovecraft; nevertheless, they delivered heat better than any other apparatus under the conditions that dictated their use.

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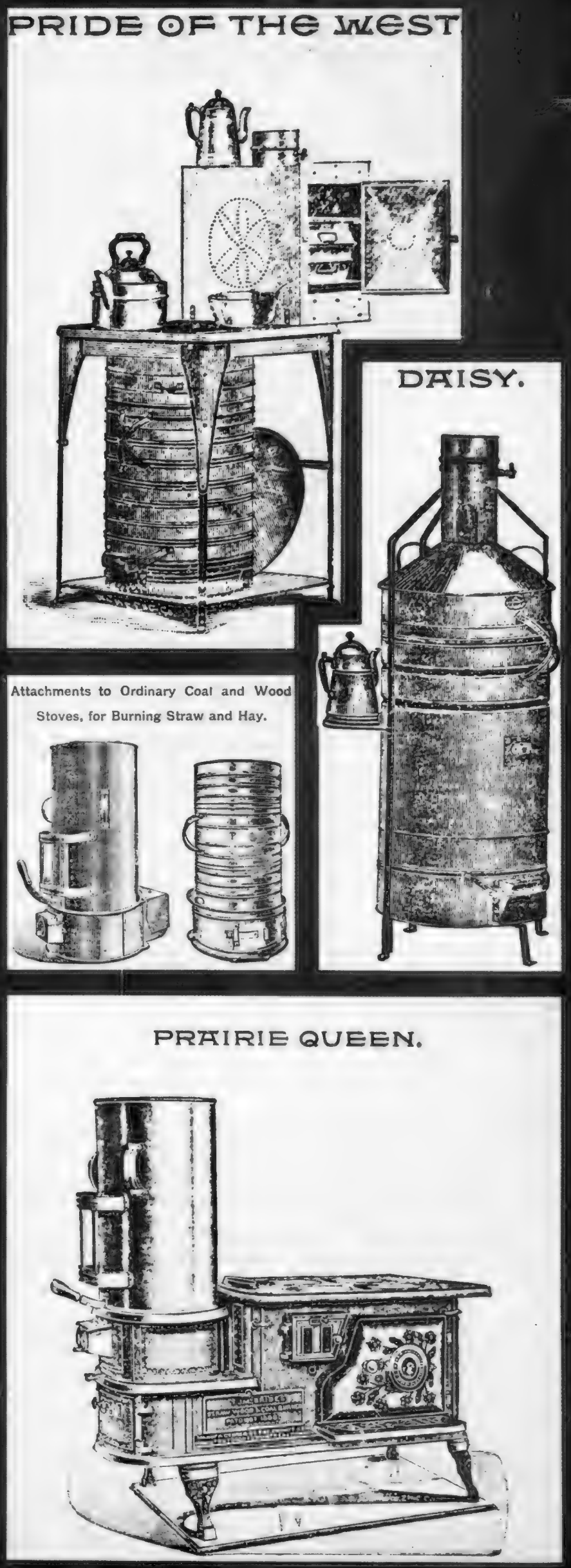

GAMBLING MEN and HONEST HORSES

EARLY WYOMING stockmen were born gamblers. Each year that a rancher successfully wintered his herd of cattle on a snow-country ranch, he was both skillful and lucky. The first deep snowfall that marked the beginning of winter was like the start of a poker hand that had to be good. The game with the elements was for all or nothing; and after the cards were cut and dealt, there was no backing out.

These men played their cards methodically and annually bet everything they owned. They gambled cattle, haystacks, horses, and their family's future each November when the deepening snow cut them off from civilization until the following May. The unfortunates who misjudged the amount or quality of their hay, and who had to put their cattle on short feed while the snow still covered the top wire of the fences, would quip, "I may run out of cows, but my hay will hold 'til bare ground," or, "Guess I'll get some green glasses for my cattle and start feedin' 'em shavin's."

Our ranch was in the Hoback Basin in the southern reaches of Jackson Hole, and I was sixteen years old before the first attempt was made by the State Highway Department to keep the road open from Pinedale to Jackson. So, for a youngster, I got to see a lot of winters when it was necessary to have a seven months' hay pile, and the grub to match it.

In those days, before winter began Dad always trucked in two tons of flour from Idaho and put it in the storehouse. He also stocked a couple fifty-pound cans of lard, several tall buckets of coffee—which, the company proudly claimed in bold print, made excellent water pails after the coffee was used—two or three one-hundred-pound sacks of sugar, and a few feed sacks full of dry beans. These items, along with a stack of wooden boxes containing assorted dried fruits, were stored in a slab cabin just behind the house and close to the kitchen door. This airy building was the equivalent of a walk-in freezer from November until the middle of March.

Our winter supply of perishables usually consisted of a ton of potatoes, five hundred pounds of carrots, five hundred pounds of onions, several bushels of apples, a half-dozen cases each of canned corn (cream style), canned peas, and canned tomatoes. We stored these precious commodities in the underground cellar, where things sometimes didn't freeze if kerosene

A-Wintering on a Wyoming Ranch

By Sam Hicks

lanterns were kept burning in there during "cold snaps"—those clear, still interludes between heavy snows in late December, January, and early February when the high temperature for each twenty-four-hour period rose to fifteen or twenty below zero from an early morning low of fifty below.

Looking back at the quantity of winter groceries we stocked, it is easy to get the impression that we were well-to-do cattle ranchers. We weren't. We were just a large and hospitable family, and the welcome mat was always out to anyone who dropped by because of our strategic location. Purchasing the winter grub supply was our biggest expenditure—even bigger than preparing for haying. This generous transaction regularly used most of our annual beef earnings, and we kids invariably wound up buying our winter clothes from mail order houses with money we had made trapping muskrats, mink, and weasels.

The elementary education of my two older brothers, my sister, and myself was made possible by the Fish Creek School—attendance, eight ranch kids in grades one through eight and a great little lady by the name of Mrs. Bill Bowlsby (the wife of a rancher on Jack Creek). Before the snow got too deep, Mrs. Bowlsby daily rode a black mare named Minnie six miles over the hill to teach the Hicks and Hiatt kids. When she could no longer travel on horseback, she lived in the schoolhouse and her husband would web over the hill, with groceries and mail on his back, on weekends.

In the early fall, when the ice on the river was still free of snow, we frequently skated to school. Later on we skied, using "red fir" skis Dad made for us from fine-grained, hand-split sections of Douglas-fir logs, hewed roughly into shape with an axe and finished on a long workbench with a drawknife and a plane. The toes of the skis were bent up by first boiling them in a tall bucket, then tying them into a homemade ski-bender. The bender and the newly curved skis were next placed on the oven door of the cookstove, and a mixture of pine pitch and elk tallow—the country's standard ski wax—was applied with a hot flatiron to the curves as they dried.

It was two and a half miles down the spring creek from our ranch house to the school, and my brothers and I used to ski the distance in fifteen minutes, running our weasel and mink

traps on the way. When it was forty below or colder, Mother tied scarves over our mouths and made us promise that we would breathe through them until we got to school. At school Mrs. Bowlsby saw to it that we hung the scarves properly so that the frost would melt out of them and they could dry.

In addition to the "boughten" grub we laid in every fall, Dad used to kill eight or ten head of elk in the month of December. The deep new snow of early winter didn't seem to trouble the elk nor hamper them in their feeding habits. As a result, after the fall hunting season closed, elk in the basin were no longer skitterish, and they used to put on tallow until early January.

After skidding the elk carcasses in with work horses, we quartered, but did not skin, the meat and hung it in the shed over the haying machinery. For the next two and a half months it attracted a lot of magpies and camp robbers, but after the first night's freeze they might just as well have been picking on a granite boulder as a hind quarter of elk.

The raucous birds would check the condition of the meat daily, and upon finding it still frozen as hard as the day before, they would scold noisily and then fly to the feedground and start pecking furiously at lice on the cows' backs. In the kitchen, on a rough wooden bench or lying across the top of the woodbox, there was always a quarter of elk meat thawing out. Heat from the cookstove thawed it sufficiently each day so that the frozen hide could be peeled back a little and enough steaks cut off to serve the family and whatever company may have dropped by.

Our ranch in the basin was situated on the Hoback River at the mouth of Fish Creek, and it was only natural for neighbors who lived up the river to make our place their headquarters. Mother never knew ten minutes before mealtime whether she was going to have our regular family of eight for supper or a crowd of twenty—most of whom were hungry hay diggers, timbermen, and trappers.

Whenever the neighbors came down for mail or to ski over the East Rim "to the outside," they had supper with us, spent the night, and ate a husky breakfast of elk steak, biscuits, and gravy before they got an early start.

In winter mail came to the basin in personalized gunny-

The circular feedgrounds for wintering cattle in the Hoback Basin.

sacks once a week, every Tuesday. (In summer we enjoyed the luxury of two deliveries a week.) For the first couple of months each winter, the mail came in by horse and toboggan. After that it arrived by either dog team or a man on webs, depending on how good the mail contractor's dogs happened to be that year.

When I was a kid the mail route went down through Pfisterer's ranch, so we had to ski three miles up Fish Creek to the head of their meadow to pick up our incoming mail. If we missed the carrier, which we usually did because with changing snow conditions no one could ever guess his schedule, our outgoing mail had to wait a whole week in a wind-whipped sack tied to a nail on a gatepost.

UNDER THESE CONDITIONS, a man wintering a herd of cattle and raising a bunch of kids had to be a gambler. If he ran out of either hay or groceries, he was beyond help; and, of course, the possible need for medical attention was best put out of mind. The nearest town was Jackson, forty miles north through some of the worst snow-

slide country in America. Pinedale was forty-three miles to the east, and beyond the 8500-foot East Rim the country was wide open, high, and windy. Trails were constantly drifted full, and blizzards made traveling an experience that any modern traffic engineer would describe as "hazardous."

From November until May the cattle of the area were fed on huge circular feedgrounds. Every rancher used a four-horse feed outfit to bring hay—twenty pounds per cow per day, or "a ton to the hundred"—from snow-covered stacks in the meadows. The reason all feedgrounds were circular was because the strongest cattle habitually followed the feed rack as the hay was being unloaded. The thinner cattle were inclined to stop at the first hay they came to and start eating, while the stronger cows continued to follow the rack, quickly topping the best part of the feed and tramping the remainder of it into the snow. So, by making a full circle with a feed outfit, you brought fresh hay back to the cattle that needed it.

"Hay diggers," these ranchers called themselves, and they usually worked alone. While unloading, it was customary for a man to tie the lines short on one side so the feed team was forced to walk slowly and follow the outside perimeter of the feedground, thus enabling him to fork the hay off the load onto clean snow. After the hay was scattered, the cows usually ate for about two hours before heading down through the deep, narrow trails they had broken to the spring creek. Here they drank long and ceremoniously, and then returned to the feedground to lie down and soak up any feeble heat rays that might have emanated from the brassy winter sun hovering far to the south, and to lick wide, wet curlicues into their long hair with raspy, manicuring tongues.

On the feedground at night, when the snow was six feet deep and the thermometer had dropped to fifty below by early evening, old mother cows bedded down early in the frightful cold and peacefully chewed their cuds while billowing clouds of steam rose five hundred feet in the air from the nearby flowing spring. Concentrations of filmy frost crystals hung, motionless in the still night air, like canopies over small clusters of cattle lying close for companionship and warmth. Old ranchers of the area had learned long ago that the combination of warm log sheds and low temperatures made sick cattle; that in the Hoback Basin the healthiest animals in winter were those that never saw the inside of a man-made shelter.

The intense cold and the overwhelming quietness that accompanied it magnified the slightest sounds. Three miles away on a neighboring ranch, a solitary horse moved carefully along a snow road munching wisps of hay that had dropped from the last load of feed hauled in before darkness fell. Rounded balls of white ice frozen solidly into his hooves crunched loudly as he fed along the sled road. The quiet cattle on the feedground, two hayfields and a river-bottom away, could hear the almost musical tones of the horse's measured steps, and their heads slowly swung that direction in unison as they listened.

ON NIGHTS WHEN the moon shone full and every polished, pulsating star begged to be noticed, the ranching people responded to a natural urge to visit. In the white silky light an entire family on skis would arrive from a neighboring ranch, and in a matter of minutes the kids

would all be skiing, laughing and shouting at each other from the slopes of the nearest hills. The parents would play solo and visit until midnight, when they would call the kids in from their ski party for cake and coffee. Then the visiting family would don their skis, take up the single, long "snowshoe" poles which they used oar-fashion, and slip quietly away in graceful procession.

If there was no moon, the nights still were not dark. A million stars blazed in the heavens and the giant frost flakes tumbled down from the clear skies and settled across the unbroken surface of the snow, glittering like spangles on the world's largest dance floor. Familiar landmarks became discernible on the horizon, and thick, round mantles of snow, draped over haystacks in the near meadows, reminded one of gigantic scoops of ice cream. The topmost poles of the stock corrals, the high gate braces, and the skeleton of a long-idle hay stacker stood out starkly against the deep, enveloping whiteness.

Occasionally the stillness would be broken by the high *yip-yip* of a coyote, coming from a timbered ridge on one side of the valley, and an answering mournful wail so far away that it might have come from another world. A calf, long since weaned, bawled once from a faraway feedground and was answered by the low, comforting voice of its nearby mother. The ice on the river cracked like the echoing report of a 30-30, and from the mail corral there came a steady undertone of chewing and the soft rustling of hay as the feed teams, hungry from a long day of bucking deep snow, assuaged their tremendous appetites at night.

Daylight came. As we stepped out of the kitchen door with the milk buckets and headed for the barnyard, a cloud of steam left the door with us and puffed upward.

The barbed wire fences had long disappeared and only the tips of a few tall willows near the river stood out above the white expanse, lending depth to an old-fashioned Christmas card view. At the far side of the valley, columns of blue woodsmoke rose from the stovepipes of the neighbor's log house and drifted horizontally toward the mountains. It was four miles over there, but in the sparkling clear air we could hear the playful barking of the neighbor's dog as the two of them headed for their barnyard to start the morning chores. The frozen, groaning protest of his first pole gate swinging open sounded so close it could well have been in our backyard.

Inside the corral the feed teams stood belly-deep in hay they had nuzzled from the rack during the cold night. Since the success or failure of a snow-country ranch depended strongly upon its work stock, these horses were fed unbelievable quantities of the best hay available, and their teeth and mouths were kept in excellent condition. If, in the early morning while hooking up, a careless man were to shove a frosty steel bit into a horse's mouth, it would instantly tear deep layers of skin from the warm, wet surfaces of his tongue and lips. The horse's mouth would be painfully sore for days, and he would be unable to eat the amount of feed required to keep him strong.

Hay diggers had various ways of providing warm bits for their work horses. Some took their bridles to the house every night and kept them at the back of the stove; the trouble with this practice was that, if it was extremely cold, the bits could cool off and be full of frost by the time a person was harnessed up and ready to bridle his horses. Other men would set a few handfuls of dry hay on fire and warm the bits in the open flames, while trying not to burn the leather of the headstalls. In later years, I learned to dip the bits in the spring creek before bridling my teams. The water draws the frost out of the steel and leaves a thin coating of ice on the bits, which prevents sticking.

Every morning in the corral, each horse was white with frost, and icicles hung from his flanks and fetlocks. We didn't stable the work horses when it was fifty below zero because a warm barn would give them distemper. Instead, when we arrived in the evening with the last load of hay, we simply peeled the harnesses off them and turned them out, steaming hot. They thundered out of the barn and with great, comfortable sighs rolled on their backs and sides in one corner of the corral which they reserved for rolling, and where manure never seemed to collect. They stood and shook violently to rid their wet hair of caked snow, and then trotted down to the spring for a drink. They snorted at the surface

of the warm spring water and splashed it gleefully with their front feet, but drank very little. Their big drink came in an hour or so, after they had cooled off and the dry hay had begun to choke them down.

To the conventional horsemen of today, these magnificent animals would have been a strange-looking lot. The short, silky hair of their shoulders glistened from months of polishing pressure from the smooth interior of leather collars, and tugs, breechings, backbands, and quarter straps wore strange geometric patterns along their sides and rumps. Tails were pulled short to keep snowballs from forming on them while the animals were breaking new feed roads, and manes were roached just enough to prevent coarse, long hair from getting under the collar and galling their shoulders.

But, in spite of their ludicrous appearance, these were the greatest horses that have ever lived—the unsung heroes of horsedom upon whose glossy shoulders rested the entire responsibility of bringing feed daily to every head of livestock wintering on the high-altitude, snow-smothered ranches where I was raised.

EVERY RANCHER used to make his own hayracks, and while most of them conformed to certain standards, I don't believe I ever saw two that were exactly alike. The main hayrack for our feed outfit was ten feet wide by twenty-four feet long. If snow roads were good, I usually hauled about two tons of loose hay at a trip. The hayrack "basket" was simply a rectangle of choice pine poles bolted to the tops of four sturdily-braced corner posts, which were approximately five feet high. Tall cross poles were centered and bolted fore and aft to form an X high above the basket. These helped the hay digger climb to the top of his hay after loading, and also provided a high place to tie the lines so they were available for driving when the load was topped out and ready for travel.

The floor of the rack usually consisted of one-by-eight boards spaced apart so a certain amount of fresh snow would fall through them, and the remaining snow after a heavy storm could be easily shoveled off. The floorboards were nailed solidly to ten-foot bolsters, which in turn swiveled on the front and rear bunks of a No. 5 "Common Sense"

Breaking the trail to the haystacks through four feet of snow, forty-five years ago.

bobsleigh; and both bolster pins were washered and keyed underneath the bunks to prevent the rack from tipping off the sleigh. If a man tipped his load over, as he frequently did along toward spring when the sled roads were higher than the surrounding settling snow, his sleigh—pinned to the underside of the hayrack—was lifted up in midair. He had to pitch off the top of the load and do considerable snow shoveling before he could right the hayrack and the sleigh would once more be where it belonged, underneath the rack.

It invariably snowed in the basin after a cold snap. In the months of January and February, one could expect anywhere from six inches to three feet of new snow whenever the temperature moderated. If the sled road over which the hay was carried from the upper meadows was already on top of four feet of old snow, and then two feet more fell in one night, as frequently happened, a sticky situation could develop. No one ever worried about it, but during unusually heavy storms the entire future of the ranch depended upon the skill and patience of the hay digger and the endurance of his feed team.

After a new snowfall we hooked our horses to the feed sleigh, broke the runners loose with a prypole, and pointed the leaders in the direction of a faraway haystack, hoping to get there and back that same day with at least one load of hay. The new snow leveled everything; neither we nor the horses could see the faintest sign of the feed road. The lead team had to feel out the road as it traveled, and on snowy, foggy days the horses would regularly plunge their nostrils into the fluffy snow to smell out the invisible track ahead of them. When such conditions existed, the seasoned hay digger avoided driving his leaders. Occasionally, on a curve, the lead team would miss the road and almost disappear in undisturbed snow. The wheelers would then have to be held back momentarily to keep their front feet out of the stretchers while the leaders located the road and struggled back up on the high, frozen tracks.

A deep-snow sled road was an uncertain means of transportation; except during extremely cold weather its condition was subject to constant change. In a single day of rising temperatures, or as the result of a new, wet snow, a good road could suddenly become impassable. Disturbed snow in northwestern Wyoming usually froze and packed sufficiently in eight or ten hours to support a considerable amount of weight. It was sometimes possible to haul a light load of hay over a one-day-old snow road. Conversely, undisturbed snow remained loose and feathery. In some winters it was months before it settled and packed enough to adequately support the weight of a man on his webs or skis.

Thus a working sled road in deep snow consisted of two parallel frozen tracks, each approximately fourteen inches wide and separated by a three-foot-wide section of loose snow. The entire lefthand side of the feed outfit—the leader, the wheeler, and the lefthand runners of the bobsleigh—followed one of the frozen tracks. The righthand side followed the other. Except for the neck yoke tying the wheelers together and the crossed lines from hames to bridle bits between the teams, each side of the outfit was quite independent of the other. As winter progressed, daily use of the road kept caving loose snow into the tracks causing it to pack and build upward until the road was nearly level with the surrounding virgin snow, regardless of its depth. This meant that in six feet of snow it was necessary for the feed horses to walk the top of a fourteen-inch-wide frozen track at least five feet above the ground. If they stepped two or three inches one way or the other from the track, they might just as well have been on thin air.

Taking an uninitiated horse from a feedground or barnyard on his first trip over a high snow road was an experience. He usually slipped off the road, panicked, and floundered about in helpless bewilderment. He frequently wound up on his back, momentarily exhausted and frightened, and it took a great deal of snow-shoveling and coaxing before he could be persuaded to regain his feet and attempt to balance himself once more on the narrow frozen track. In contrast, the old, educated snow horses were completely at home. They were calm and clever, and knew how to pull their hind feet in line —a neat trick few other horses have ever mastered.

When a heavily loaded sleigh cut off the road on a corner and the bunk of the front bob high-centered on one of the frozen tracks, with nothing but loose snow granules beneath the runners, the wheelers were automatically thrown off the

Mail arrived by dogsled during the harsh and unpredictable Wyoming winters.

road by the sleigh tongue. The leaders, connected to the sleigh only by the lead-chain and lines, had less trouble maintaining their balance on the tracks. The wheelers, wise in their worldly ways—and without even tightening the tugs—would voluntarily begin a treading motion, packing the snow beneath them. They knew from experience that if their legs were not kept straight while they were bogged down in the deep snow, blood circulation would be impaired, and their legs would become rubbery and weak at that important instant when they were called upon by the driver to use all their strength.

In this and a hundred other situations each winter, it was necessary for the hay digger to take his axe and shovel, get down under the front of the rack and doubletrees, and begin hacking away at the frozen track that had high-centered the sleigh. The low front corner of the hayrack also had to be shoveled out before the horses could be expected to virtually lift the load, and the sleigh, back onto the dubious roadway.

When a snow road became too high and ragged, the hay digger would chain a cast-iron mowing machine wheel to the rave iron of a runner on the rear bob so that the bottom of the wheel was dragged along the top of the frozen track at a cutting angle. Then at every possible opportunity, he would ride the wheel over those stretches where the road was high and peaked in order to cut more deeply and smoothly into the irregular frozen tracks.

In the process of feeding three or four hundred head of cattle every day through the course of a long, tough winter, a hay digger walked and ran a good many hundred miles behind his empty rack just trying to keep warm. Feed teams quickly memorized the daily routine and in a short time required little driving—especially so when the road was good, the weather clear, and the outfit was headed for the upper meadows with an empty rack.

A strange assortment of necessary equipment dangled from the back end of the hayrack in full view of the jogging, half-frozen hay digger. Buckled along the top pole of the basket with extra hame straps, and constantly clanging together from the motion of the rack, were a snow shovel, an axe, a pick for loosening frozen hay in the stack, an extra hay fork, and a pair

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A Matter of Opinion

To THE AMERICAN WEST: In Reply

In the September issue of THE AMERICAN WEST, *as "A Matter of Opinion," we discussed the future of the magazine and posed four questions to our readers:*

> Should we be concerned with today's problems of the environment?
>
> Should we relate to natural as well as man-history?
>
> Should scenic wonders of the West be a part of the magazine?
>
> Should we become involved in the social issues of today?

Never before, in over six years of publishing THE AMERICAN WEST, *have we received so many responses on any editorial matter, and at press time the flood of mail continues. We have selected letters at random, excerpting portions to indicate the various opinions voiced to date. So far the majority of replies favors our being concerned with the environment, the scenic wonders of the West, and natural history; but an overwhelming number are against our involvement in the social issues of today.*

We plan to evaluate as broad a cross section of our readership as possible. If you haven't stated your opinion, we hope you will.

TO THE EDITOR:

I do not think that THE AMERICAN WEST should overly concern itself with environment, etc., except where monuments of genuine historical significance need protection.

The field of natural history, save as it involves the great spectacles of western scenery, seems to me to be beyond the scope of the magazine. I do think that the scenic wonders of the West should be included, both as part of articles and as illustrations. The lover of the West loves not only its history but its appearance.

I do not believe that the magazine should become involved in social issues. Those readers who wish to become involved have already ample access to reading materials on their pet schemes.

Watson Parker, *Oshkosh, Wisconsin*

TO THE EDITOR:

Your questions are provocative, and I would firmly cast my vote for a wider view of the West in terms of its environment, preservation, and natural history. Concentrating wholly on the past is a rather comfortable way of avoiding some of the involvement in problems of the present, and a lack of commitment to the future of the West. In the present ecologically-aware atmosphere, there is a lot of hysterical opportunistic over-writing. THE AMERICAN WEST, with its scholarly reputation and regard for accuracy, is in an excellent position to present some of the facets of our current West.

A steady diet of history is delightful for those of us who love to read history, but perhaps a more present-minded point of view might provide deeper meaning. The more that concern for this environment can be communicated, the more likely will there continue to be an environment about which future historians can write.

Ann H. Zwinger, *Colorado Springs, Colorado*

TO THE EDITOR:

Let us by all means provide a voice for the West as it is today, but let us not sacrifice the western history for it. We need a magazine like THE AMERICAN WEST just as it is.

Marion W. Moussa, *Palo Alto, California*

TO THE EDITOR:

THE AMERICAN WEST has been since its beginning the finest link that we have with the past. Let's keep it that way. Its editors should not concern themselves with today's problems of environment, pollution, and preservation.

I am highly interested in relating to a natural as well as a man-history, provided it enhances our heritage. Continue the illustrations and articles that deal with the scenic wonders of the West.

Let's forget the social issues of today. I feel that the original policy of the magazine was to present heritage and this idea alone attracts me to the magazine.

Vetal Flores, *San Angelo, Texas*

TO THE EDITOR:

I think it would be intellectually and morally dishonest for THE AMERICAN WEST not to become involved in contemporary social issues. If the magazine is to be concerned with the environment, with trees, parks, and playgrounds, it must also concern itself with the human beings who inhabit the environment—with their fears and antagonisms, revelations, and triumphs. Problems of race, of minorities in a majoritarian society, or generation gaps—these are as much a part of our heritage as canyons and landscapes (as guns, mountain men,

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This page, A MATTER OF OPINION, *is provided as an open forum. Contributions are invited, but should be limited to 750 words and must be signed.*

Glory of the Seas

REVIEWED BY ROBERT WEINSTEIN

Glory of the Seas by Michael Jay Mjelde *(Wesleyan University Press, Middletown, Conn., 1970; 320 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, epilogue, $9.95).*

THE DISTINGUISHED HISTORIAN, Arthur Schlesinger, has commented on the lack of literary worth in the writing of history in the United States. While it is well understood that popular history is not history at all, the writing of history should nevertheless strive to be popular. It should most of all be widely read, keenly enjoyed, and understandable to the lay public.

When available, well-researched history—written with grace and style—deserves particular recognition and special comment.

This first book in the new American Maritime Library, Mjelde's detailed story of Donald McKay's last great sailing ship, the *Glory of the Seas,* is precisely that kind of book.

Without qualification, this work is superb. Well designed, finely printed in a handy format, and modestly priced, it is deserving of appreciation. It is most carefully constructed, balancing the complete documented record with a rich fabric of first-hand accounts. Evidently written as an act of love and faith, the author's style vividly supports the passion and commitment the ship generated among her many admirers.

For a nation whose fortunes were founded upon salt water, far too few books in our maritime treasury have traced the fortunes of individual ships so brilliantly as in this work. The many joys and agonies of such an account are drawn by the author with a keen sensitivity to their importance and their compelling interest.

Launched at East Boston, in October, 1869, the *Glory of the Seas* typified the high point of wooden sailing-ship design and construction in the United States, closely following the overpopularized clipper-ship era. Well known as Down Easters, such ships and barks as the *Glory* epitomized the accumulated knowledge of one hundred years of designing, building, and sailing cargo-carrying vessels. The last of McKay's brilliant masterpieces, *Glory of the Seas* tragically helped to bankrupt the great shipbuilder. This somber picture of shipbuilding financing, heretofore only suggested in American maritime literature, is a major contribution of worth.

Sailed in several different trades for forty hard years under shipmasters of distinction, *Glory's* career fills out in significant detail the challenges and frequently the fiscal heartbreak of carrying cargo under sail in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

In addition to providing a thorough accounting of the many and varied business demands required of the Down East shipmaster, Mjelde has also included a full record of the coastal carriage of coal by the sailing vessel. Based largely in Nanaimo, British Columbia, on the eastern shore of Vancouver Island, sailing vessels provided economical transport of coal to Pacific coastal ports, mainly in California. The developing Pacific slope railroad systems relied heavily on such coal and were its largest consumers. Many facilities, such as the coal wharves at Howard Street in San Francisco, the Long Wharf of the Southern Pacific Railroad at Santa Monica and the Spreckels Wharf in San Diego were built especially to support this trade.

Passing from her coal-carrying days to her final use as a floating fish cannery, *Glory* was soon burned on a beach near Seattle, Washington, for her salable metal fastenings.

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Not the least of these has been her biographer, Michael Jay Mjelde.

Robert A. Weinstein *is a recognized authority on maritime history, and a graphics designer and artist whose illustrations have appeared in a two-volume edition of Richard Henry Dana's* Two Years Before the Mast *(1964).*

XUM

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New Lives, New Landscapes

REVIEWED BY DON GREAME KELLEY

New Lives, New Landscapes by Nan Fairbrother, foreword by Walter Muir Whitehill *(Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1970; 397 pp., intro., illus., biblio., notes, index, $12.50).*

CAN AN ENGLISH BOOK about landscape design and environmental planning for the future have anything important to say to an American reader? In the case of Nan Fairbrother's intelligent and insightful study, *New Lives, New Landscapes,* the answer is emphatically "Yes!"

We need only glance at the book's two hundred and fifty photographs to recognize basic similarities between Great Britain's landscapes and many of our own, ranging from New England through the northeastern and middlewestern states to the Pacific Northwest and parts of California. In climate our Northeast and Northwest have much in common with the British Isles, and the common heritage of both agricultural and industrial traditions needs mention no more than the ethnic ties. All this is a roundabout way of saying that every reader of THE AMERICAN WEST, and every other American who is concerned about the quality of his environment, will find this book well worth reading for its clear relevance to America's mounting problems of human living—urban, suburban, and rural. He will also find it a book high in wit.

Nan Fairbrother came to this book a seasoned writer with four earlier titles to her credit. More importantly, as Walter Muir Whitehill of the Boston Atheneum writes in his foreword, she is "a sensitive, thoughtful, and extremely perceptive Englishwoman, soundly educated and hopelessly addicted to reading and thinking." Raised in Yorkshire's West Riding during the depression, and having divided her adult life between London and a second home in the country, she has seen profound changes giving new shapes to lives rooted in tradition, and has recognized the fact of change sweeping human communities on both sides of the Atlantic. (It is not surprising to note her familiarity and sympathy with Jane Jacobs' *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*—another book to be absorbed by concerned Americans.)

A lively historical view of the evolution of the British agricultural and pastoral landscape, and its reaction to the Industrial Revolution, leads to the author's lucid analysis of present trends and problems. By her definition, "landscape = habitat + man." The British, she says, "have roots at least in an agricultural past, but the American West shows the direct impact of an industrial society on the natural habitat with no transition of man-made agricultural landscape."

With the British, who love their countryside, the idea of preservation is understandable, but as policy it is seldom workable. The old cannot long remain undisturbed; "we *must* disturb it to survive—on a vast scale and everywhere. The old agricultural landscape quite simply cannot accommodate our new industrial society and the longer we take to accept this the more thoroughly we shall destroy what we have in the interval." This is the nut of the book. It leads to some deep insights respecting the uses of space by our modern metropolitan culture in its change from an agricultural oligarchy to an industrial democracy: suburbs *vs.* New Towns and greenbelts; the suffering of city fringes from underuse, not overuse; the necessity of accepting the presence of industry even in areas devoted to leisure. For planners, the author would write: *"Peripheral land is urban land"*—meaning that it is better to fill ragged urban fringes with well-planned industrial and institutional developments than let them fray out into ill- or unplanned suburbs.

In such a book interest naturally focuses on proposals for guiding future development into constructive channels, and Nan Fairbrother has some challenging thoughts. Her last four chapters deal with landscape in terms of organization, pattern, material, and texture. She categorizes land as wild country, rural land-

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Cowboy Life on the Llano Estacado

REVIEWED BY OWEN ULPH

Cowboy Life on the Llano Estacado by V. H. ("Ol' Waddy") Whitlock *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1970; 278 pp., intro., illus., index, $6.95).*

IF YOU ARE old enough to remember the presidency of Teddy Roosevelt, if you ever used a horse as a necessary means of transportation, and if you ever got within roping distance of a live range cow—then you better contact a publisher, preferably some western university press, because they are working feverishly to ransack material from old-timers before—what Ol' Waddy calls—"the Last Great Roundup." If you are semiliterate you will be allowed to write your own script. If you can only grunt and scrawl a mark for your signature, an academic hack with a tape recorder, who calls himself a "collaborator," will be sent to "interview" you and work your incoherent utterances into salable prose. Royalties are pleasant supplements to Social Security checks, so don't be bashful.

During recent years quite a scatter of reminiscences by pure and synthetic old-timers have eased their way out of the herd and made it into print. Most of them are tediously repetitious, perpetuating time-worn myths that rub like saddle sores, adding nothing to the subject of cowboying that was not presented in a superior manner several decades ago by Adams, Branch, Cook, Dobie, Raine, Russell, Santee, Siringo, and any number of other writers. I once described this phenomenon as "bringing up the drags" and classified the gather as "literature of the re-ride." At best, these stragglers dredge up fragments of local history and add a few amusing anecdotes to range life and lore. At worst, they simply tax a reader's patience.

Ol' Waddy's *Cowboy Life on the Llano Estacado* is no exception. All the stock situations confront us in standard sequence: gathering wild cattle after the Civil War; boyhood in a frontier shack several days' wagon ride from the nearest settlement; fascination with old, Gabby Hayesesque cowhands; "my first horse" and the thrill of joining the roundup; the coming of the nesters, fences, bankers, lawyers, and politicians; Texas Rangers tracking down the badmen; bronc busting; the wild night in town; and the love of a good woman.

Ol' Waddy has packed his mule so thoroughly that he betrays himself as a *pro*. Despite the nonfictional, documentary approach and the collection of obviously authentic rustic photographs of assorted bucolic miscellany, his situations and characters appear so neatly contrived to satisfy the palates of gullible western addicts that one might suspect him of deliberately leading his readers down a grooved trail. For example, his account of "Little Red—Horse Trainer" evokes a vaguely familiar composite image of "Little Joe the Wrangler" and "The Streets of Laredo." His cowboy terms and expressions seem planted, or rather transplanted, from Ramon Adams' celebrated *Dictionary*. (I am aware of the fallacy of those who insist that Hamlet must have read Freud.) The ashes in the abandoned campfire are too warm, the sign too clear. Sutty's painful discourse on religion, the last minute arrival of a birthday Bible at an isolated line camp, crowned by the eternal Homage to Mother, represent a descent into banality so nauseating that anyone but a greener will holler, "I'm headin' fer higher ground."

Anyway, the last third of the book comes alive and Ol' Waddy begins to write with a spontaneity so in contrast to his earlier pious style that one could almost believe that it was written by a different person.

A few such morsels, combined with some savory chapters—one entitled "A Ghostly Night in the Sandhills," describes a macabre vigil over two dead mule-skinners—redeem the book from a banality which, otherwise, should have doomed it to oblivion.

Owen Ulph, *now on sabbatical leave from Reed College, Portland, Oregon, is a contributing editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

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Mining Engineers and the American West

REVIEWED BY T. H. WATKINS

Mining Engineers and the American West: The Lace-Boot Brigade, 1849–1933 by Clark C. Spence *(Yale University Press, New Haven, 1970; 407 pp., illus., maps, charts, tables, notes, biblio., index, $12.50).*

BACK IN THE DAYS when this reviewer wandered somewhat lost in the groves of academe, there was a rather craven reliance upon the word *seminal.* It was tossed around by everyone at one time or another, but most often by students (myself included), who were in love with the fine, rolling profundity of its sound. With an almost total lack of discrimination, the word was freely applied to everything from a six-volume exegesis on the poetry of Milton's sons-in-law to a random collection of statistics in the *Journal of Applied Geriatrics.* Much of the work so described, of course, was little better than fraudulent hogwash, and as a result *seminal,* like any other overworked superlative, nearly ceased to have meaning.

The point of the above discursion is simply that Clark Spence's *Mining Engineers and the American West* is one of those consummately rare works of historiography (or anything else) to which the word *seminal* can be attached within its official, dictionary meaning: "Pertaining to or having the power of origination; germinal." It is a thorough, detailed, almost encyclopedic study—and nothing like it has ever before been done on the subject. More's the pity, for the lace-booted rockhound called the mining engineer was surely one of the most colorful, and in some ways one of the most significant, characters ever to scuttle through the pages of western history.

In the 1860s, the mining engineer developed into a kind of renaissance man of the industry and provided a telling answer to what a mining engineer was: *to wit,* he was damned near everything, before the age of specialization overtook his profession, as it did all others. He was a metallurgist, a geologist, a chemist; he assayed ore, invented new mining techniques and new systems for refining; he was a transportation engineer, an economist, an expert in mining law; he built and supervised mills, smelters, and refineries, managed mines, settled claim disputes, exposed (and sometimes, regrettably, participated in) frauds, and otherwise helped revise and sophisticate one of the largest industries in nineteenth-century America.

Spence documents his evolution from pioneer to specialist with painstaking care throughout, but it is in the three central chapters of the book that his most enlightening contribution appears, for it is here that he gets into the hard core of the mining frontier's economic life, which had all the consistency of a crap game with unloaded dice and all the safety of drawing to an inside straight. One of the mining engineer's chief functions in his renaissance period was as a consultant—most often as a kind of middle man between an individual who wanted to sell his property and one who was interested in purchasing it. "Experting," as the process of adjudging the worthiness of a mine was called, was rife with responsibility, and the man who engaged in it had to be on the constant lookout for trickery. "If you have the least bit of enthusiasm in mining or even in mining expert work," one old-timer advised a new man, "you can never hope to succeed. Be as cold blooded and as unenthusiastic as a clam." In a marvelous series of quoted vignettes and reminiscences, Spence lays bare a tradition of speculative chicanery that aptly substantiates Twain's definition of a western mine: "A hole in the ground owned by a liar."

The second of these three central chapters examines the life of the mining engineer as manager, and here the sheer mechanics of making a mine *work* are examined in pitiless detail. The job was simply incredible; a man foolhardy enough to take it on found himself somewhat in the position of a baseball manager and with just about the same degree of job security; so long as the team was winning, the front office was happy (the front office, in the case of the mine manager, was often as not eastern or even European financial interests, for the absentee-ownership status of much of western mining is another characteristic of the story that Spence helps to clarify); when the team hit a losing streak, a man's job had a way of evaporating. The mine manager was an executive, a mechanic, an accountant, a diplomat (without portfolio), and a labor relations expert who sometimes got shot for his troubles.

The final chapter in the central section discusses the mining engineer's role in yet another phenomenon endemic to the mining frontier: claims litigation. Someone, it seems, was always suing someone over ownership of a mine or infringement on the claim of one mine by another. Into the litigative breach stepped the mining engineer, and many a man made an excellent living testifying in court for one party or the other. Judges and juries were subjected to a bewildering jargon having to do with dips, spurs, angles, apexes, stopes, lodges, outcrops, oreshoots, and pinched-out veins, as engineers testifying for opposing parties each tried to out-knowledge the other—a performance not dissimilar to psychiatrists testifying at a sanity hearing. Here again, the participation of the mining engineer is examined against the backdrop of corporative frenzy that characterized the mining frontier.

The most telling criticism that could be leveled against *Mining Engineers and the American West* is that it tells you altogether more than you might ever want to know about mining engineers (including a discussion of their political affiliations), and in truth, this does make for some pretty heavy reading. The book is like a monument to a dead profession and has some of the heavy-handedness typical of monuments. At the same time, it is safe to say that no one will ever again be able to write about the mining frontier without recourse to this book—and that is one of the tests of historiography any writer would be pleased to meet.

T. H. Watkins *is an associate editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST *and author of* The Grand Colorado *(1969), published by American West Publishing Company.*

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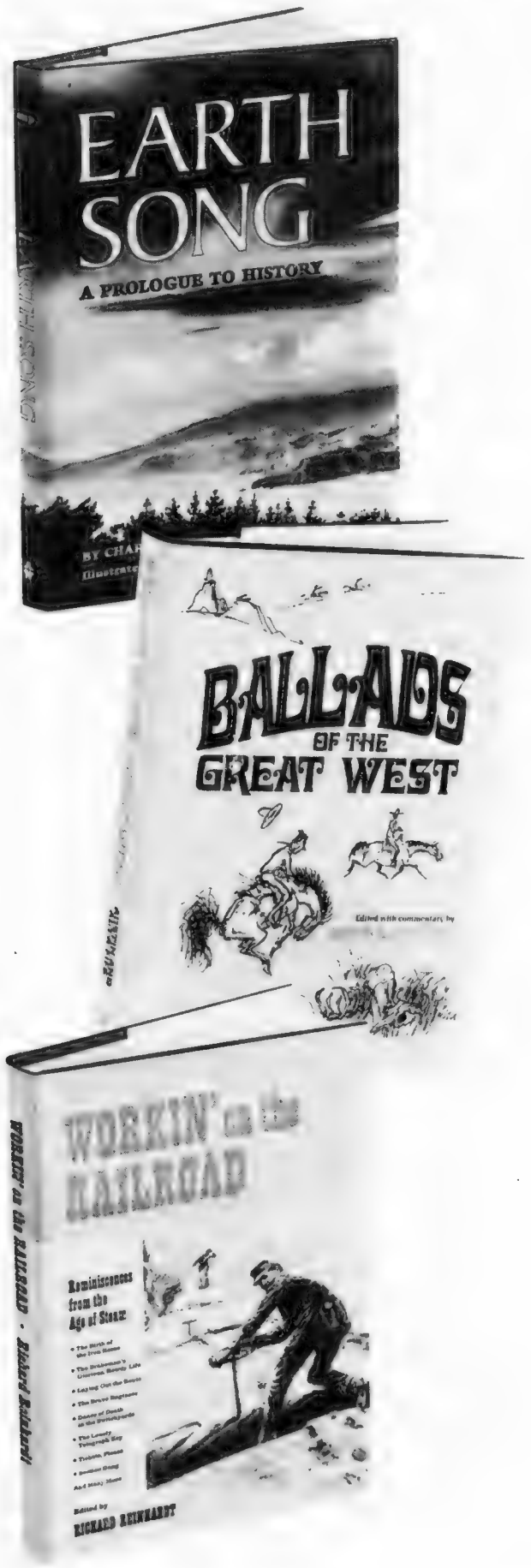

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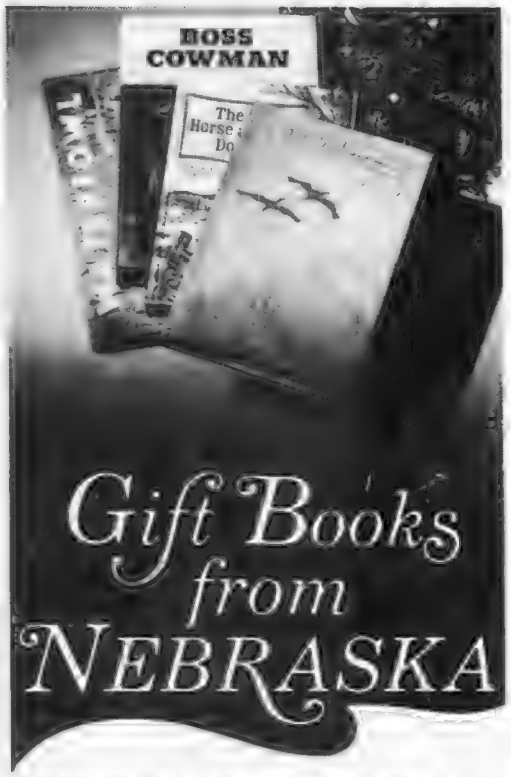

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Reprinted with a new foreword by the "Doc" of Gunsmoke, who as a boy in Kansas knew Dr. Hertzler, this 1938 best seller is "a book rich in anecdotes, a lively and somewhat rough-and-ready depiction of the country physician's experiences"—*New York Times*.
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By Paul A. Johnsgard
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Nebraska Press
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The Pacific Tourist

REVIEWED BY RICHARD REINHARDT

The Pacific Tourist edited by Frederick E. Shearer, with introduction by James D. Horan *(Crown Publishers, New York, 1970; 372 pp., illus., facsimile reproduction of 1884 guidebook, $2.95)*.

THE MAKING OF facsimile books is a somewhat off-color sideshow of the publishing business. At best it is an esoteric enterprise, resuscitating scarce old volumes of county history, mail order catalogues, pioneer memoirs and other rarities, and giving them a brief span of new life. If the subject happens to be wisely chosen and well printed, the result can be interesting and useful, but it never can be equal to the original. At worst, facsimile printing is a wasteful form of non-book publishing which creates needless decorations for overloaded coffee tables and makes busy work for librarians.

At first brush, one might conclude that a facsimile of an 1884 guidebook to railroad travel would fall into the class of superfluous trivia. But a good guidebook can be a rich source of historical information and fireside entertainment —and Adams & Bishop's *Pacific Tourist* was among the best of guidebooks. Encyclopedic, enthusiastic, replete with anecdote and seasoned with prejudice, it is as bouncy and exasperating as *Fielding's Guide to Europe, 1970*. Like that contemporary classic of hedonism, it tells you as much about the attitudes of its author and the habits of its intended audience as it does about the geographic subject-at-hand.

When *The Pacific Tourist* made its first appearance in the late 1870s, it had the obvious purpose of encouraging passenger travel west of the Mississippi. Prepared and printed with the sponsorship of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific, it reflected the railroad owners' naïve expectation that their long transcontinental line would become the major transit route between Europe and the Far East. If there should be anyone in London, Paris, or New York who had qualms about crossing North America, this book would surely convince him that he would not be discommoded by the harshness and ugliness of the Wild West. To the contrary, he would enjoy, at one and the same time, an authentic view of the American frontier—Indians, buffalo, hells-on-wheels, mining camps, painted women—and an exquisite interlude of physical relaxation, as free of hazards and irritations as a portside cabin enroute to Singapore on the P. & O. At every stop along the way, he would be reminded of the terror and iniquity of the immediate past: "Gambling, drinking villainous rot-gut whisky, shooting . . . knock-downs and robberies." But the guidebook would assure him constantly that the "rough times" were over. Such towns as Cheyenne, Sidney, and even Julesburg, were now as sedate as Springfield, Massachusetts.

Climb aboard, then. Safely cradled in the mahogany and mohair of your Pullman Palace Car, you may "sit and read, play your games, indulge in social conversation and glee." To your delight, you will discover that trains west of Chicago move *slower* than those back East. The leisurely pace of twenty to thirty miles an hour will assure you of a "peculiarly smooth, gentle, and easy motion, most soothing and agreeable."

As for the scenery, it will be sublime, divine, empyrean, satanic. Even such reputedly tedious areas as the plains of western Nebraska will lift your spirits to unbearable rapture. And, farther west, aesthetic ecstasy will await you around every bend.

"With full breath and anxious heart, repressed by excitement and keen zest, we anxiously scan the scenes from car windows or platforms, and prepare for one grand, rushing descent into the glories of Echo Canyon."

The climate, of course, will be of incredible salubrity. Invalids, especially consumptives, are almost certain to benefit from the "rarified and dry air of the plains and mountains." Grand Island, Nebraska, which one does not think of nowadays as a health spa, will strike you as an ideal stopping place "in the midst

Continued on page 59

Prelude to Populism

REVIEWED BY MARY ELLEN GLASS

Prelude to Populism: Origins of the Silver Issue 1867–1878 by Allen Weinstein *(Yale University Press, New Haven, 1970; 433 pp., intro., biblio., appen., index, epilogue, $10.00).*

STUDENTS OF American history believed for decades that the politics of free silver came to broad public attention for the first time with William Jennings Bryan's climactic "cross of gold" speech at the 1896 Democratic national convention. Antecedents existed, they thought, principally in the early Granger and Alliance efforts, and in the Populist movement which gained momentum in the 1890s. Historians also knew for years that free-silver Populist-Bryan campaigns stemmed from agrarian complaints of a depressed agriculture and abuse by various financial enterprises. Another certainty of history affirmed that western miner-capitalists supported bimetallism from the beginning, concerned that profits might decrease if they could not sell their product to the U. S. Mint. And it all started with the "Crime of '73," which somehow disturbed the U. S. coinage system, but which remained virtually unnoticed for most of the next two decades. Historians who have subscribed to these interpretations will find in reading Allen Weinstein's *Prelude to Populism* that they have neglected their homework; Professor Weinstein has done *his* homework very well indeed.

Utilizing an array of documentary sources, Weinstein analyzes the dispute over the monetary system during the 1870s. In meticulous detail, he shows the shape of the controversy developing, not in the 1890s, but during the years following the Mint Act of 1873 and preceding the Bland-Allison Act of 1878. In that period—indeed in the eighteen months before Bland-Allison—most of the bases were laid upon which later politicians formed arguments for bimetallism. The ideas and philosophies began, not with agrarians, but with financiers, newspapermen, academics, and reformers from most sections of the nation. Late nineteenth-century bearers of reformist impulses discovered there a storehouse of arguments with which to justify desires for easier money; low spots in the economic cycle were charged to the "silver crime." The "fact" that western mine owners supported remonetization *en bloc* is demolished as a myth rooted in the logic of financial and political history.

Weinstein competently describes political tactics, changing ideas and philosophies on U. S. coinage, and shifting sectional sympathies of the various strategists. He deftly sorts out political associations, defining relationships not generally recognized. In clarifying issues and identifying personalities, the author makes excellent use of source materials from nearly two dozen libraries and archives. The resulting bibliography and bibliographical essay are models for financial and political historians. Tables and appendices, carefully prepared, supplement the text.

Scholars should find little basis for complaint in *Prelude to Populism,* although casual readers will probably pass it by. The publisher would have improved the work by using a larger type size and format; a close argument combined with small letters makes the going difficult for all but determined readers. Reiteration, to the point of making clichés of "dollar of the daddies" and "rag baby" money, becomes a bit tiresome. And William Sharon did not defeat William Morris Stewart for the senate in 1874 (p. 76); Stewart retired voluntarily, leaving the contest to Sharon and the sometime tunnel engineer and mayor of San Francisco, Adolph Sutro.

Revisionist history is always valuable in causing scholars to reexamine old ideas and notions. This book stands as an example of what can be done by skillfully combining imagination with zeal for careful scholarship.

Mary Ellen Glass *of Reno, Nevada, is director of the Oral History Project at the University of Nevada Library.*

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THE GREAT RANGE WARS

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Alaska Wilderness

REVIEWED BY SAM WRIGHT

Alaska Wilderness by Robert Marshall, edited with introduction by George Marshall, foreword by A. Starker Leopold *(University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1970; 173 pp., index, photographs, $6.95).*

ALL AT ONCE I was deep in icy water where no light penetrated. There was no reasoning in it and there was no fear, but there was no doubt either. 'A man couldn't survive thirty seconds in that ice water,' Ernie had said."

Not only did Robert Marshall survive this close call north of the Arctic Circle, in the freezing water of the North Fork of the Koyukuk River, but unlike the unlettered trappers, prospectors, and frontiersmen who left scant records, Marshall's literary talents have also given us an exceptional chronicle of his explorations.

Bob Marshall mapped the upper drainage of the Koyukuk River in the Central Brooks Range of Alaska, naming 137 of its peaks, streams, and natural wonders. Valley of the Precipices, which he named and described with poetic accuracy, "surpassed . . . the grandeur of Yosemite."

These Alaskan journals of a modern explorer, scientist, and lover of wilderness were brought together and edited by Bob Marshall's brother George, who shared his wilderness concerns. They were first published in 1956 under the title *Arctic Wilderness.*

In his introduction to this second edition, under its new title *Alaska Wilderness,* George Marshall has contributed a new and vitally important commentary. He writes, "Reading Bob Marshall's account of his explorations of the Upper Koyukuk region of Alaska, and sharing with him his enthusiasm and joy at the great beauty, magnificence, wildness, and adventure he experienced, will, I hope, lead to a deeper understanding of the present tragedy and ecological irresponsibility in arctic Alaska, and of the compelling reasons for preserving the wilderness of the Central Brooks Range."

George Marshall carefully and urgently outlines the immediate peril to this great American wilderness by the present intrusion of the modern industrial world. The great oil strike made in the summer of 1968 near Prudhoe Bay, on the Arctic Ocean, has already made radical changes in the wilderness which his brother explored.

Early in 1969 a winter road was bulldozed over the Central Brooks Range to bring equipment to the site of the oil strike. With that event, in George Marshall's words, "The great Range had been split and its unity with past ages destroyed—destroyed without a public decision, destroyed without the knowledge of most Americans."

I can confirm, with firsthand knowledge, George Marshall's observations and Bob Marshall's descriptions of this great range of mountains. The effect of his book on my own life has been dramatic: the earlier edition was a major factor in my decision to make this last great wilderness my home.

The book contains six of Robert Marshall's maps and twenty-nine of his excellent photographs. (It is our loss that color photography was not available at the time of his explorations, for much of the beauty and grandeur of this mountain wilderness are in its striking, brilliant colors.)

However, the vividness of Marshall's pen and the quality of his own spirit speak through the pages of that kind of adventure which is needed as never before in today's world of technological conformity. In his own words, "Adventure, whether physical or mental, implies breaking into unpenetrated ground, venturing beyond the boundary of normal aptitude, extending oneself to the limit of capacity, courageously facing peril. Life without the chance for such exertions would be for many persons a dreary game, scarcely bearable in its horrible banality."

Sam Wright *of the Brooks Range, Alaska, is a free-lance writer, and is currently writing a book about his adopted homeland for American West Publishing Company.*

The Espuela Land and Cattle Company by W. C. Holden *(Texas State Historical Association, Austin, 1970; 268 pp., illus., biblio., appen., $9.00).*

REVIEWED BY W. H. HUTCHINSON

"THE SPURS," as the ranch was known far and wide, ranks in southwestern range heraldry with the Matador, the XIT, the King Ranch, and other cattle ranches of comparable stature. In common with its counterparts, The Spurs provided settings and dramatis personae for Erwin E. Smith's photographic genius, and many of his plates illustrate this volume. And now The Spurs has a Boswell in W. C. Holden, who knows the country, the cow business, and cow persons as well as ever his forerunner knew Samuel Johnson.

On April 9, 1885, in the deepening twilight of the Craze for Cattle, the Espuela Land and Cattle Co., Ltd., began its investment in Texas land and cattle, an investment which totaled $2,278,435, not including later capital improvements. Twenty-two years later, after returning an average 2.5 percent annually, less overhead expenses in England, the property was sold for less than the amount of the original investment.

It is clear that The Spurs represented no "beef bonanza" for its owners. But why? Although the answer is not explicit in Mr. Holden's exhaustive study of the ranch's operations, implicit is the sense of an overly cautious, even niggling and haggling, directorate in England. A rereading of W. M. Pearce's earlier study, *The Matador Land and Cattle Company* (Norman, 1964), reinforces this impression. The Spurs, although blessed with capable and conscientious managers and ranch foremen, had no one of the caliber of the Matador's Murdo Mackenzie at the helm.

What it did have was a system of accounting and reporting that would have gladdened the heart of a Dickensian usurer, and it is these bleached bones of The Spur's corporate carcass that make Mr. Holden's study so important to the history of the western cattle industry. This was a big pasture operation from the beginning, and the data on fencing costs, the details of construction, the constant necessity for renewal and realignment are set down succinctly.

There is equally pertinent data in this work on the ravages of prairie dogs, the hazards of grass fires, the cost of wages, the cost of food per man per day, the cost of buying horses each year to keep the remuda up to strength, and, of course, the presence or absence of grass and moisture, the economic vagaries of cattle prices, and the machinations of livestock commission men. One simply has to say that this is the most detailed record of actual ranch operations yet available to the careful student of the industry of which The Spurs was a part.

With this said, it also must be pointed out that the book badly needs better maps than those provided, in order that readers who do not know the country may orient themselves to the locales and place names the author knows so well.

W. H. Hutchinson, *professor of history at Chico State College, California, is a contributing editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

NEW LIVES, NEW LANDSCAPES

(Continued from page 50)

scapes, disturbed industrial areas, and urban areas. Each fulfills special human needs and purposes; the progression from one to another must be of an ecological orderliness. Between high-density urban and low-density rural areas a "green-urban landscape" should be developed out of the "disturbed industrial" area or belt—factories, laboratories, colleges and universities, hospitals, all large institutional uses interspersed with parks, playing fields, and other recreational amenities, with no "unused space" which is "dead space," and no botched, unsightly, "derelict" land.

So little of the rich meat of this book can be served up in a short review. It could not be more timely, and the best compliment it could receive on this side of the Atlantic would be the appearance of a comparable book, or several regional ones, frankly patterned after it. America's need of such constructive exposition is as critical as England's.

Don Greame Kelley *is an associate editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

"... if I were making a visit to the Mother Lode tomorrow, this is the book I would reach for first, and be most sure I took along, and consult most often."
Wallace Stegner

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Jane M. Offers

Birthright of Barbed Wire: The Santa Anita Assembly Center for the Japanese by Anthony L. Lehman *(Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1970; 101 pp., intro., illus., notes, appen., index, $6.95).*

A remarkable study of wartime hysteria —the problems, heartbreaks, and stress of the Santa Anita assembly center, where one hundred thousand Japanese people were relocated who were unfortunately living in the western United States in 1942. Contains numerous photographs and diligent research about this relocation center.

Survival in the American Desert: The Mormons' Contribution to Western History by William F. Ashton *(Ashton, San Marino, California, 1970; 100 pp., intro., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $4.75;* available from the author: 2836 Shakespeare Dr., San Marino, Calif.).

The treatment of the exploration and settlement of the West, with emphasis on the part played by the Mormon church in opening the West. Contains full-color photographs of western scenes, and a reproduction of a rare map drawn by J. C. Frémont in 1844.

La Gaceta *(Santa Fe Corral of Westerners, Santa Fe, vol. 5, no. 1, 1970; 32 pp., illus., $1.50 paper).*

A bulletin, published three times per year, recording comprehensive historical material for the benefit of those interested in all phases of the culture, history, and development of the American West and Spanish Southwest.

The University of California 1868–1968 by Verne A. Stadtman *(McGraw-Hill, New York, 1970; 594 pp., preface, notes, index, $12.50).*

The first complete narrative history of the University of California published since 1930. This extensively researched volume chronicles the first century of development, from the founding of the College of California in 1868 through the inauguration of President Hitch.

Old-Age Politics in California: From Richardson to Reagan by Jackson K. Putnam *(Stanford University Press, Stanford, California, 1970; 211 pp., preface, illus., notes, biblio., index, $7.50).*

A discussion and analysis of the problems and political proposals affecting the aged in California. Researched from Governor Friend W. Richardson's term through Upton Sinclair's epic campaign, and subsequent developments through the administrations of Edmund G. Brown and Ronald Reagan.

W. W. Robinson: A Biography and Bibliography by Jimmie Hicks, foreword by Lawrence Clark Powell *(Ward Ritchie Press, Los Angeles, 1970; 83 pp., preface, biblio., $10.00).*

A complete, annoted biography of Will W. Robinson—long-time Los Angeles resident, writer, historian, and community servant. Includes a listing of his many books, articles, and other literary works with descriptions of each.

Shotgun for Hire: The Story of "Deacon" Jim Miller, Killer of Pat Garrett by Glenn Shirley *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1970; 131 pp., foreword, illus., biblio., index, $4.95).*

A church-going man of gentlemanly appearance—yet a hired gunman with a tally of fifty-one victims, Miller is dealt with in detail. The author reconstructs the personality of this relatively unknown man and describes the conditions of warfare among cattlemen, sheepmen, and farmers on the rapidly shrinking range which influenced Miller's deadly vocation.

Pioneer Teacher by Carrie M. McLain *(McLain, Nome, Alaska, 1970; 70 pp., illus., $4.00).*

A series of incidents that reflect life in northwestern Alaska fifty-five years ago, related by a country school teacher who taught at Teller and Haycock, on the Seward Peninsula. Contains over fifty photographs of life in Alaska near the turn of the century.

West by Peter McIntyre *(Lane Magazine & Book Company, Menlo Park, California, 1970; 140 pp., illus., intro., full-color plates, $19.50).*

Reviewed by Donald E. Bower

"The West," writes Peter McIntyre, is "the most incredible area on the surface of the earth." And Peter McIntyre has presented the West in a most incredible—albeit warm and wonderful—way. In this era when it is far more fashionable to show the sordid, the sick, and the ugly, reading this New Zealand author's delightfully sympathetic text and perusing in leisurely fashion his perceptive paintings (accented with hundreds of line drawings) is indeed a welcome contrast.

This giant-size book (measuring 11½ by 14 inches) provides the perfect format to capture the immensity of McIntyre's water colors and oils, with fifty-six full-color plates hand-mounted —a luxurious touch to a well-crafted volume. In another way, too, the physical dimensions seem appropriate to the task: describing by words and illustration the impressions of a foreigner during a twenty-thousand-mile trip extending to the Mexican border, east to New Mexico, and north to Alaska.

McIntyre's *West* is definitely unique, a far cry—and refreshing because of it —from the conventional travel guide to the conventional tourist meccas. Perhaps to prove he seriously wants to see America as Americans do, he starts his trip by attending a baseball game in San Francisco's Candlestick Park (his first), but then leaves the city to visit the American past. "Coming down into the cup of Deer Creek Ravine where Nevada City nestles, I felt we had stepped through a door right back into 1849, as though at any moment the miners would be back in this town of high-gabled houses, picket fences, and deep verandahs."

Of special significance to those Americans who have lived amidst this great West is the selection of places Peter McIntyre has featured and his particular objectivity in describing and illustrating them. Las Vegas: "Las Vegas isn't so much a place as something that happened—it could just as well be put somewhere else. Nobody would notice as long as those lights were still flash-

ing." Colorado: "The tones of autumn covered the hillsides, and along the route . . . the whole of Colorado seemed a blaze of gold and russet. Up over the Continental Divide the hunters were coming by the thousands. I don't know about the deer, but seven hunters died on opening day, including one who hid behind a bush and made animal noises as a joke on his friends. All three shot him." Taos: "If I didn't have my cottage on my trout stream in New Zealand, in all the world, Taos, New Mexico, is where I would like to live. . . . Lovely old adobe houses behind high walls, tiled courtyards, and over the streets giant cottonwood trees giving shade. All around stretches the sagebrush desert, ever changing, ever beautiful."

If the book has a shortcoming, it is one of omission. Despite its size, the reader may feel disappointed at the shortness of the introduction, being taken by the warmth and friendliness of this sympathetic stranger from New Zealand.

It is a trip worth taking, particularly with a talented guide like Peter McIntyre. "Lingering with us," he writes at the end, "was a profound love of the American West, the most incredible area on the surface of the earth, and of people who had been more kindly than any other we had ever travelled among."

These are good words. Nice for us ugly Americans to hear.

Donald E. Bower *is editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

THE PACIFIC TOURIST

(Continued from page 54)

of a fine prairie country, with a . . . clear atmosphere and balmy breezes."

In addition to a comprehensive rundown of whistle-stops and mileposts from Omaha to San Francisco, the ubiquitous *Pacific Tourist* provides you with descriptions and illustrations of practically every important institution in the Far West: the pony express, the Plum Creek massacre, grass fires, prairie-dog villages, bullwhackers, sunsets, the Black Hills goldfields, afforestation projects, sheep raising, Indian burial trees, dinosaur fossils, mineral springs, snow sheds, Mormonism, Yellowstone Park, the Last Spike.

Failing to sustain interest in any of these topics, and nodding with the soporific movement of your Palace Car, you can read yourself to sleep with a concise history of the transcontinental railroad. This gem of institutional journalism, inaccurate in detail and subversive in effect, is the price exacted by the management for all the colorful detail and pretty pictures elsewhere in the book. It comes to the remarkable conclusion that the United States government, by heavily subsidizing the transcontinental railroad, saved itself a net expense of more than $42 million in seven years (1869–76). This figure is almost certain to astonish those historians and biographers who have labored through the years under the impression that it was certain congressmen, contractors, and promoters who made a bundle out of building the Pacific Railroad. It might also set them to wondering what our country could save, even today, if the railroads should once again encourage passenger traffic on the great transcontinental line.

Richard Reinhardt *is contributing editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

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A MATTER OF OPINION

(Continued from page 48)

and gold strikes) and certainly deserve equal consideration in the pages of THE AMERICAN WEST.

While some readers may prefer not to be reminded of America's historical and contemporary social troubles, may prefer that THE AMERICAN WEST be an expensive comic book of sentimental trivia, the magazine for its own self-respect cannot become such a publication. It has an obligation to be involved, "always within the larger historical context," with the human West, as well as with ecology and outdoor museums. If it can help Americans to understand who they are and who they have been, perhaps THE AMERICAN WEST can help mankind (to paraphrase William Faulkner) not merely to survive, but to prevail.

Stephen B. Oates
Amherst, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR:

"Historical" in my dictionary does not refer to environmental or social-issue problems of the present, no matter what your eminent council of activist academes may attempt to read into the word.

Please do not follow the sheep-like trend of the modern media in-type publications to become experts on the current scene.

Peter A. Ehrman
Dos Palos, California

TO THE EDITOR:

It has always seemed to me that the primary reason for studying history is to understand today. Too frequently, however, the study of history has become a drudgery in our academic institutions because it has been treated as something isolated from the present. I would support THE AMERICAN WEST dealing positively with the questions you raise.

Robert T. Manning, M.D.
Kansas City, Kansas

TO THE EDITOR:

Presenting western history as it relates to today's world has its pitfalls, and this is where THE AMERICAN WEST must be especially vigilant. Bernard de Voto's warnings in *Across the Wide Missouri* are still relevant—the *a posteriori* thinking must be avoided. His condemnation of twentieth-century historians who tend to hold the 1800s to ideas they never heard of and would not have understood is worth pondering today.

Every generation makes its own mistakes—all we can hope is that our mistakes are the result of what we cannot yet know, rather than repeats of yesteryear. It is the responsibility of historians to present our past objectively.

Deal with the human aspects of our natural wonders—the barriers they presented, the struggle to save them, the battles lost. We who are fighting hard to make today's West a better place need to know that we are a part of a long line. You can't solve all the problems; concentrate on that which you do so well.

Jo Anne H. Aplet
Pacific Palisades, California

TO THE EDITOR:

Please don't give up the fight for conservation, for preservation of open space, for intelligent use of our natural resources. This position may be a minority stand, but like many other minority stands, is no less valid.

Robert A. Jackson
Pueblo, Colorado

TO THE EDITOR:

I would much prefer that the magazine remain very much as it is. If the writers feel compelled to hold forth on environment problems or social issues, let them submit their renderings to appropriate and existing publications. Please don't pollute my history magazine.

John A. Barnitz
Prescott, Arizona

TO THE EDITOR:

I do not believe THE AMERICAN WEST should become involved in the social issues of today's world or should be concerned with today's problems of environment, pollution, and preservation. To do so would be an attempt to make or influence history, which is not your function.

I would agree emphatically to including the scenic wonders of the West, along with appropriate natural history. But equally important, I believe, is an enlarged emphasis on why we are all here today — i.e., more depth involving economic and resource history.

Howard W. Millan
Tacoma, Washington

TO THE EDITOR:

In this troubled nation—troubled by 5 percent of self-styled intellectuals who have access to the press and television—you seem to overlook your mission to the 95 percent as an escape from the pounding of exaggerated and overemphasized horrors of the day. Why must you take up the arsonist's torch and "relate"? I'm sure the conditions are little worse than yesteryear.

By all means, give us the scenic wonders of the West and some natural history, too; but you don't have to "relate." Leave that to the men who could only enter college and graduate in "social studies." There are legions of these well-intentioned, misinformed misfits—misinformed by unqualified and uninformed professors.

You certainly have enough material to last fifteen years—and after that, with a little dressing up, no one will remember the repetition.

No, keep away from all your social consciousness, hippies, and other pollutants; give us a few hours every other month along the Oregon Trail and the old open spaces, in the pages of your sprightly magazine.

Keep to the old trail, is my vote.

Franklin H. Allison, Jr.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

GAMBLING MEN AND HONEST HORSES

(Continued from page 47)

of webs. In a nose bag also swinging from the top pole of the basket were a pair of fencing pliers, claw hammer, staples, and a handful of spike nails. The nose bag was usually so full of frozen snow and hayseeds that you could barely extricate any of its contents, but the necessary items were always there, just in case. A sheepskin coat with dry gloves in the pockets hung from the top of the back cross brace, where the hay digger could reach it from the top of his load if the weather turned bitter cold on the long, slow trip back to the feedground.

My brothers and I were among the last generation of youngsters to make the natural transition from ranch kids to hay diggers. Times have changed now, and it has become an evolutionary fact that there will be no further matriculation in this specialized field of learning.

People of the area still winter as many cattle annually as the old-timers did, but a large percentage of the hay is now baled and stored in sheds instead of being stacked out in the fields. Caterpillars with specially slotted grousers, to prevent ice from building up on the drive sprockets and track pins, now wallow through tremendous depths of snow leaving wide packed roads for those ranchers who still scatter their hay with teams and sleighs. Some ranchers deliver hay to their feedgrounds with sophisticated motor toboggans, and the influence of modern mechanization has penetrated all the remote valleys. Now the main roads are always open and those ranchers living in isolated sections of the basin keep cars in portable garages at the highway's edge and travel to or from their wheeled vehicles with motor toboggans or snow planes.

The fraternity of old-time hay diggers is rapidly dwindling, but unlike the declining California condors, the whooping cranes and the trumpeter swans, nothing is being done to perpetuate them. However, this is a part of our pattern of progress and is the way things were meant to be. These men, like harness makers, marten trappers, and the select legion of mountain men who set No. 6 bear traps with a jack-pine pole and a sixty-penny spike, are fast disappearing into the limbo created by gadgetry and power machinery. Few people will notice their disappearance; few ever knew of their existence.

Also gone from the western horizon are the wispy, silent contrails left in the still morning air by the passing of the feed team when it was fifty below. But the remaining hay diggers from the old school will never forget the rainbow colors these suspended frost trails wore in the early morning sunlight, nor the sound of steel-shod runners sliding over frozen snow.

Sam Hicks, *a frequent contributor to* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is co-publisher and editor of* The High Country, *a California historical quarterly. Author of* Desert Plants and People *(1966) and* The High Country *(1967), Hicks's articles have appeared in* Desert, Sports Afield, *and* Argosy.

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THE MORRISITE WAR

(Continued from page 9)

In May, 1863, Captain David Black escorted a group of Morrisites to the vicinity of Soda Springs, where they established a small settlement which they named Morristown in honor of their fallen leader. But this colony and other similar attempts at cohesiveness soon splintered into small fragments.

In August, 1869, a member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints noted that six men claimed to be the spiritual successor of Joseph Morris. They were widely scattered: one in Utah, another in Omaha, a third in Nevada, a fourth in Oregon, and the fifth and sixth in England and Denmark. Some of the Morrisites joined the Reorganized Church, and two returned to the area around Fort Kington to settle.

Perhaps the most interesting of the fragmented groups was that which followed a William Davis to Oregon and later to Walla Walla, Washington, where a small communal society was organized. Mrs. Davis gave birth to two sons; the first boy was worshiped by the colonists as the reincarnation of Jesus Christ. His younger brother was believed by some to be God the Father, but devotion to him was not as fervent as that to the "Walla Walla Jesus." This colony lasted for several years, but broke up at the death of the two boys.

Meanwhile, the Gentiles were relentless in their efforts to break the control of the church authorities over the economic life of Utah Territory. The Morrisite War was one of their favorite weapons in their allegations that the church leaders were profligate and immoral men who did not hesitate to use murder as a means of gaining their evil ends.

Fifteen years after that event, Sumner Howard, U.S. district attorney of Utah Territory, wrote to the attorney general of the United States that he had uncovered new information on the Morrisite affair. A Mr. S. D. Sirrene had direct evidence that when the Morrisites surrendered at the fort, Burton had called Morris and fired four shots into him. Burton then shot and killed two women. Sirrene also charged that Banks was killed by a Dr. Jeter Clinton, a Salt Lake City official. Howard had the sworn statements of six witnesses that Morris and the two women had been killed by Burton in the manner described by Sirrene.

The case against Jeter Clinton was so fragile that it never came to court. But Philip T. Van Zile (who had succeeded Howard as U.S. district attorney) considered the case of *The People v. Robert Burton* to be quite worthwhile, and furnished the attorney general with a full-length account of it. When on February 20, 1879, the case was finally brought to trial, the jury of Mormons and Gentiles acquitted Burton.

With the disposal of the cases against Clinton and Burton, the Morrisite War finally passed into history, and the curious drama of a millennial religion arising within another millennial religion was ended.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The story of the Morrisites has been touched on in many sources which are well known to students of Mormon history. The nineteenth-century literature on the subject often reflects the bias of the writers. In a number of instances authorities differ as to facts and figures, for example, on the strength of the posse, the length of time between the receipt of the ultimatum and the firing of the first shot, and the circumstances surrounding the death of Joseph Morris. On occasion, when unable to reconcile conflicting statements of witnesses, I have settled for the statement of Hubert Howe Bancroft, *History of Utah, 1540–1886* (San Francisco, 1889). Bancroft was acquainted with many of the witnesses and professed to be impartial. Documentation is available for any statement made in the present study.

Works which I found particularly helpful are the following: John Banks, "A Document History of the Morrisites in Utah," B.A. thesis, University of Utah, 1909. This is an excellent collection of documents, many of which are not available elsewhere. "The Autobiography of John L. Bear," *Journal of History* (1911), is a moving account by one who suffered during the conflict. Robert Joseph Dwyer, *The Gentile Comes to Utah: A Study in Religious Conflict, 1862–1890* (Washington, D.C., 1941), utilizes to good advantage documents in the National Archives. George S. Dove, ed., *The "Spirit Prevails"* (San Francisco, 1886), gives an excellent account of the Morrisite War and includes the text of most of Morris's extant revelations. I am indebted to Russell Blankenship, . . . *And There Were Men* (New York, 1942), for the story of the Walla Walla Jesus.

Among church-oriented and pro-Mormon publications which I used are *Journal of Discourses by Brigham Young, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, His Two Counselors, and Others* (Salt Lake City, 1961); *The Deseret News* (Salt Lake City, 1862, 1863, and 1879); B. H. Roberts, *A Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Century I* (Provo, Utah, 1965); Richard W. Young, "The Morrisite War," *The Contributor* (1890); Orson F. Whitney, *History of Utah* (Salt Lake City, 1892–1904); Andrew Jenson, *Encyclopedic History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints* (Salt Lake City, 1941); Andrew Love Neff, *History of Utah, 1847–1869* (Salt Lake City, 1940); and Edward W. Tullidge, *History of Salt Lake City* (Salt Lake City, 1886). The works of Roberts, Young, and Whitney contain factual information concerning the Morrisite War, and Roberts and Whitney also cover Burton's 1879 trial. The *Deseret News* was an especially fruitful source of data on the various court proceedings resulting in and from the conflict.

Testimony of both Mormon and Morrisite participants is found in *Miscellaneous Document Number 49*, "Maxwell vs. Cannon," 43rd Congress, 1st Session, House of Representatives.

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SOPRANOS AND SIX-GUNS

(Continued from page 17)

as complaisant. Miska Hauser, a violinist who played throughout the California mining area, wrote from San Francisco in 1853, "I went to see the opera *Martha*. The composer would hardly have enjoyed the performance. I could bear it only one act. After that I went to a Chinese theatre, where at least I understood nothing." The Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver obviously had its artistic limitations, too, as a *Daily News* critic wrote shortly after the house opened: "The orchestra showed a slight improvement, but the strings were weak and there seemed to be a preponderance of brass, which was all the more unpleasant because it was, as usual . . . out of tune!"

A more obvious indication that the opera house was more a *symbol* of culture than an operating reality is the relatively little grand opera actually given there. Certainly far more melodrama was staged in these theaters than opera. Horace Tabor's opera house in Leadville, for example, opened with Jack Langrishe's dramatic troupe, and consistently presented very little grand opera. Considerably more was produced at Tabor's Denver house, beginning with its gala inauguration by Emma Abbott's company, but opera was still much less common than drama and the more popular entertainment forms. The often lauded Central City opera house, despite publicity to the contrary, was the scene of practically no operatic activity during the frontier era. Not until the theater's resurrection in 1932 and its recent successes did Central City become anything like an opera center. San Francisco enjoyed far more opera than any other community of the American West — wealthy, cosmopolitan city that it was, strategically located on the California coast close to the mining activity — but even here Maguire's Opera House staged more minstrel shows, burlesques, melodramas, farces, and magic acts than grand opera. In fact, Maguire relied heavily on the popular forms of theater to help pay for his costly operatic ventures. With the depression of the 1870s, western cities, like those of the East, produced even less opera, turning instead to the operettas of Offenbach, and Gilbert and Sullivan.

Outside San Francisco no town in the frontier West enjoyed more than a sporadic season of grand opera. Maguire's Opera House in Virginia City presented entertainment ranging from humorist Artemus Ward to Adah Isaacs Menken in a dramatization of Byron's *Mazeppa*, but little or no opera aside from arias sung in concert. John Maguire's Montana opera houses offered what traveling grand opera troupes were available to the northern Plains in the 1880s — the Bostonians, Emma Abbott's company, the Emma Juch Opera Company — although dramatic works remained a more fundamental part of the repertoire. Fairly typical of the bill of fare presented in the more sophisticated frontier communities was that staged between 1871 and 1886 by the Tremont in Galveston, the first opera house in Texas. Shakespearean tragedy and contemporary melodrama *(East Lynne, Under the Gaslight, The Lady of Lyons, Nick of the Woods)* made up most of the theater's offering, yet classical drama *(Medea)*, extravaganza *(The Black Crook)*, and light opera (the Emily Soldene Company, the Alice Oates Opera Troupe) represent occasional departures. In its initial season the Tremont mounted a staging of the opera *Fra Diavolo*, but not until the 1880s did grand opera become a regular feature. In 1885–86 the Emma Abbott Company presented *Norma, Mignon, Faust,* and *The Bohemian Girl* at the Galveston house; and later that season Adelina Patti sang a gala concert there, during which she received a floral offering consisting of a globe topped with a Texas star. Small opera houses, like the one in Abilene, Kansas, dreamed of opera but saw virtually none.

If the frontier opera house was not all it was alleged to be, it nevertheless reflected the image of a civilization left behind. In most cases products of boom conditions, western communities longed for a tie with the past, some symbol that the wilderness had indeed been pushed aside. The old operatic warhorses, even more than Shakespearean tragedy, represented high culture in conspicuous, spectacular terms. Newer, unproven works, especially those with controversial themes like Verdi's *La Traviata*, were looked upon with doubt, their cultural value uncertain. *Traviata*, with its courtesan heroine, was found immoral even by critics. The *Golden Era*, May 27, 1860, claimed, there "is not a familiar air in it, and the frightful termination of the opera leaves the audience in any but a singing and cheerful mood. We dislike both the opera and the drama, and would not walk a square to see either." Since the opera houses of the West were looked upon as temples of beauty and respectability, artistic tastes were conservative, closely linked to the community's moral concepts. While frontier audiences might welcome a magician — at least one calling himself "Professor" — on their opera house stage, a musical drama dealing with a fashionable prostitute was considered unseemly.

The opera house stood as a western community's finest decoration. Built after the city had attained a degree of size and wealth, usually by the self-made entrepreneurs nineteenth-century Americans admired so much, the opera house became a rallying point for civic pride, signifying progress, permanence, and stability.

Although frontier practicality, the Protestant Ethic, and blatant materialism remained central to the thinking of the urban West, the ornaments of civilization brought frontiersmen a security that wealth alone could not provide. Artificial and artistically limited though it surely was, the opera house nevertheless served as a symbol of a better way of life which frontiersmen hoped to emulate.

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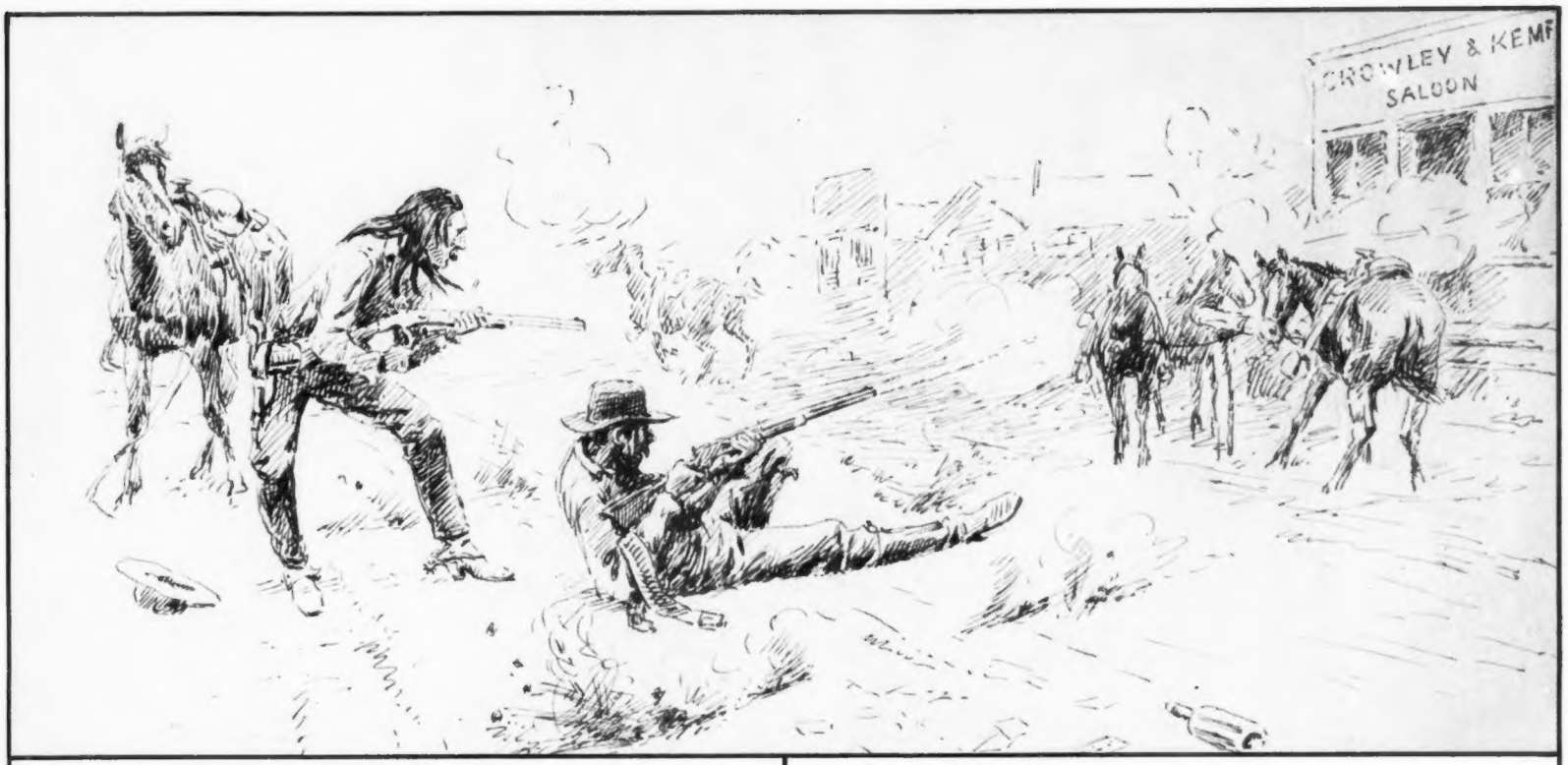

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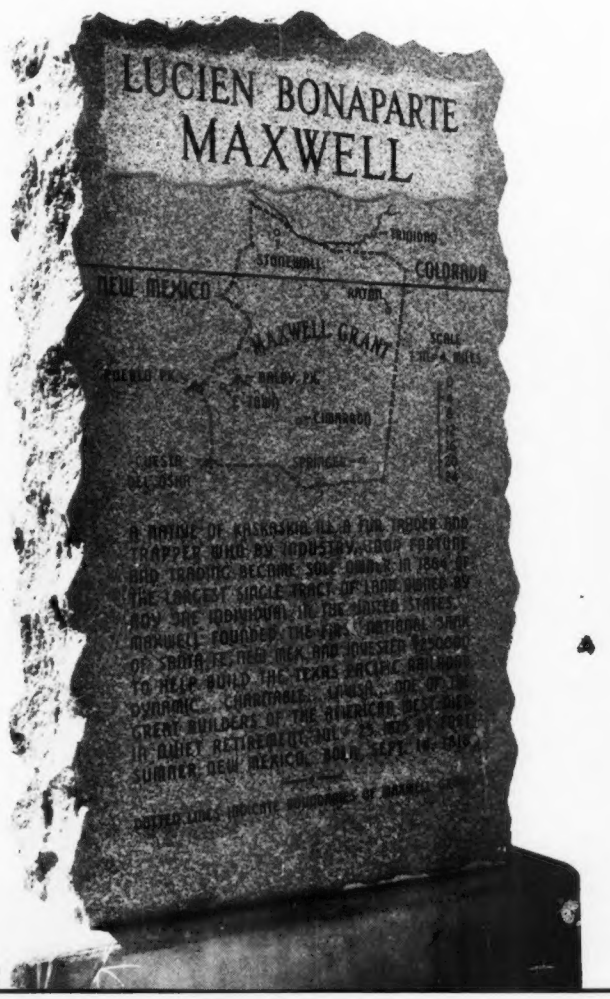

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